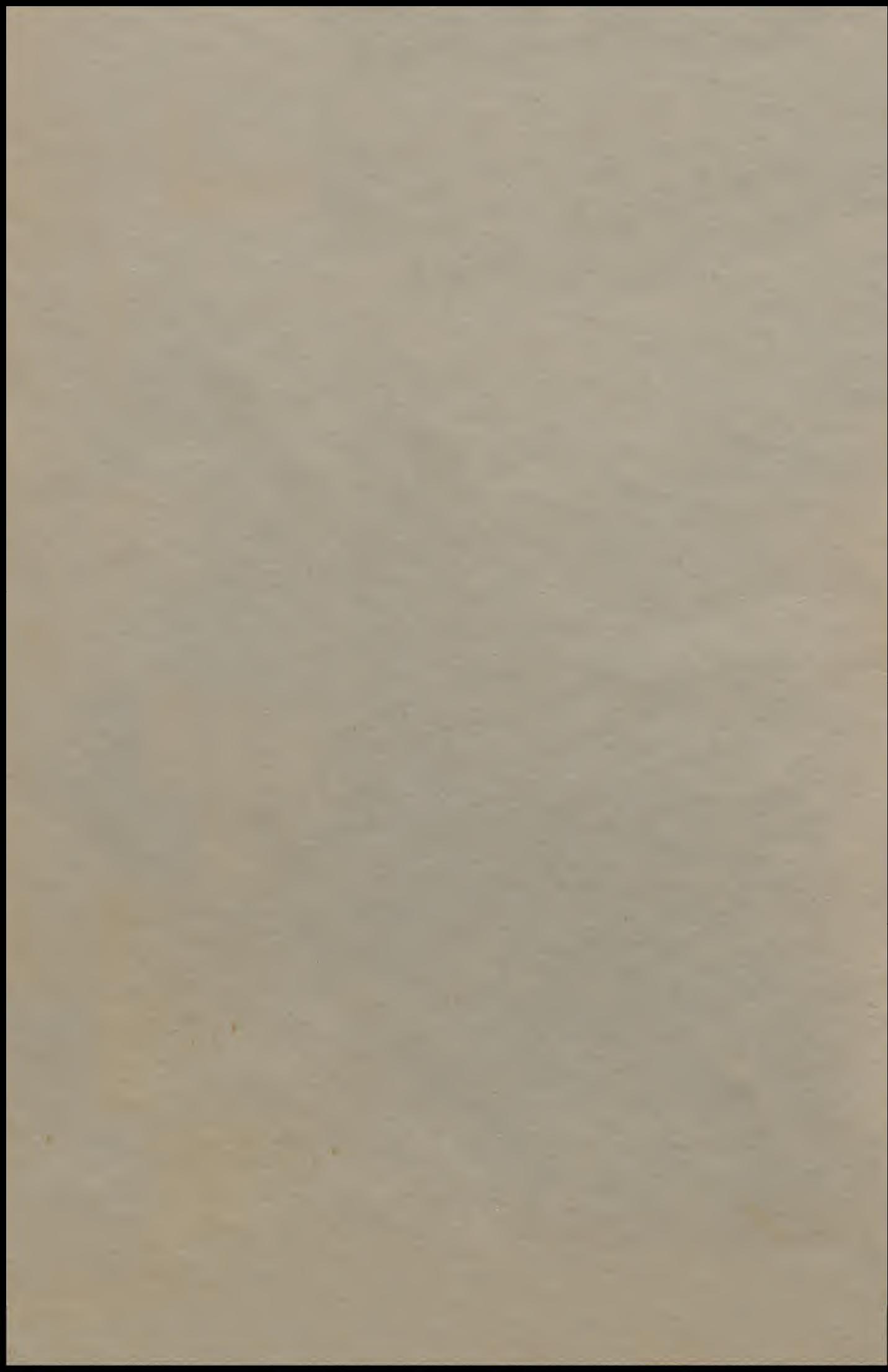
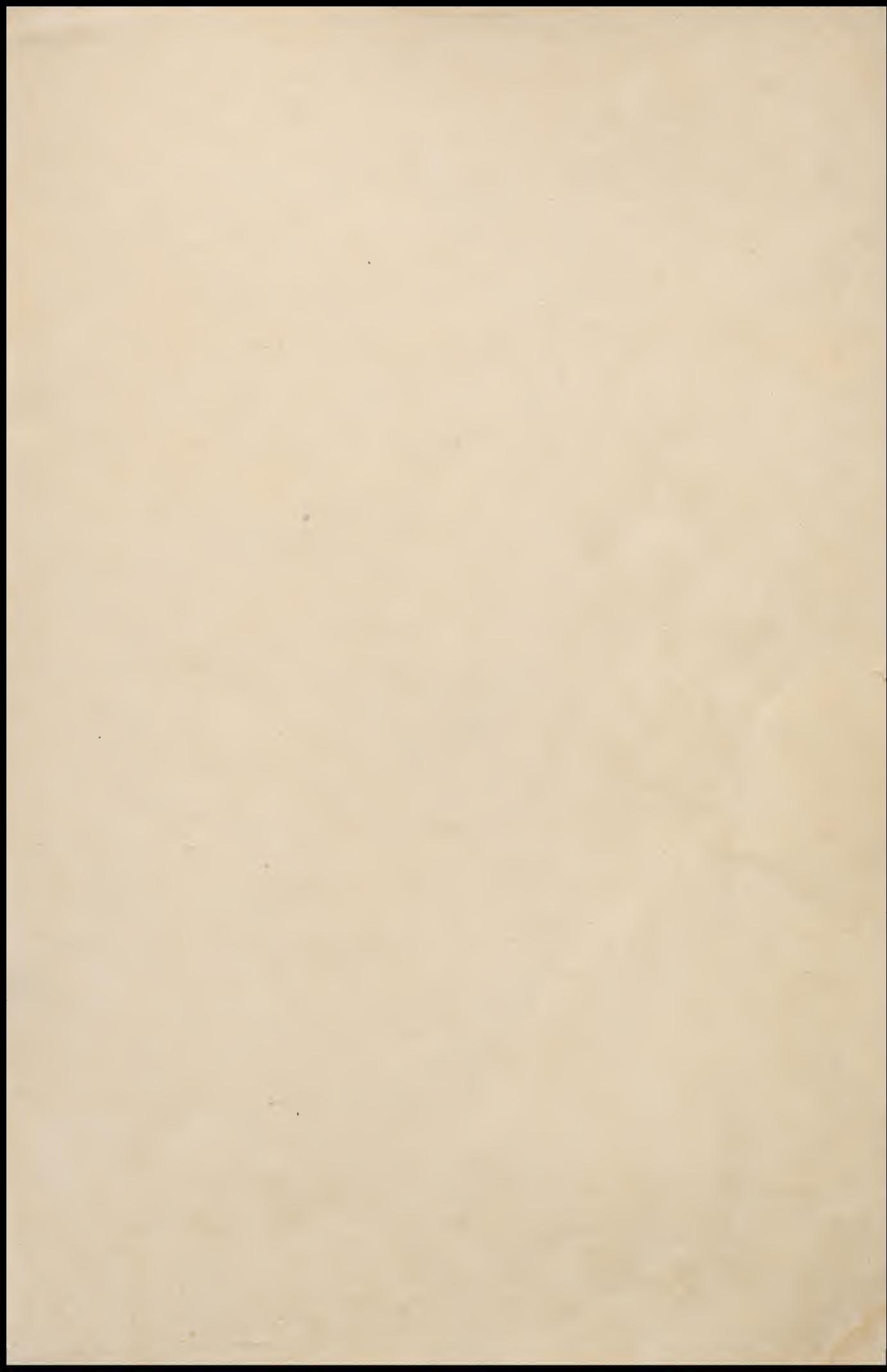
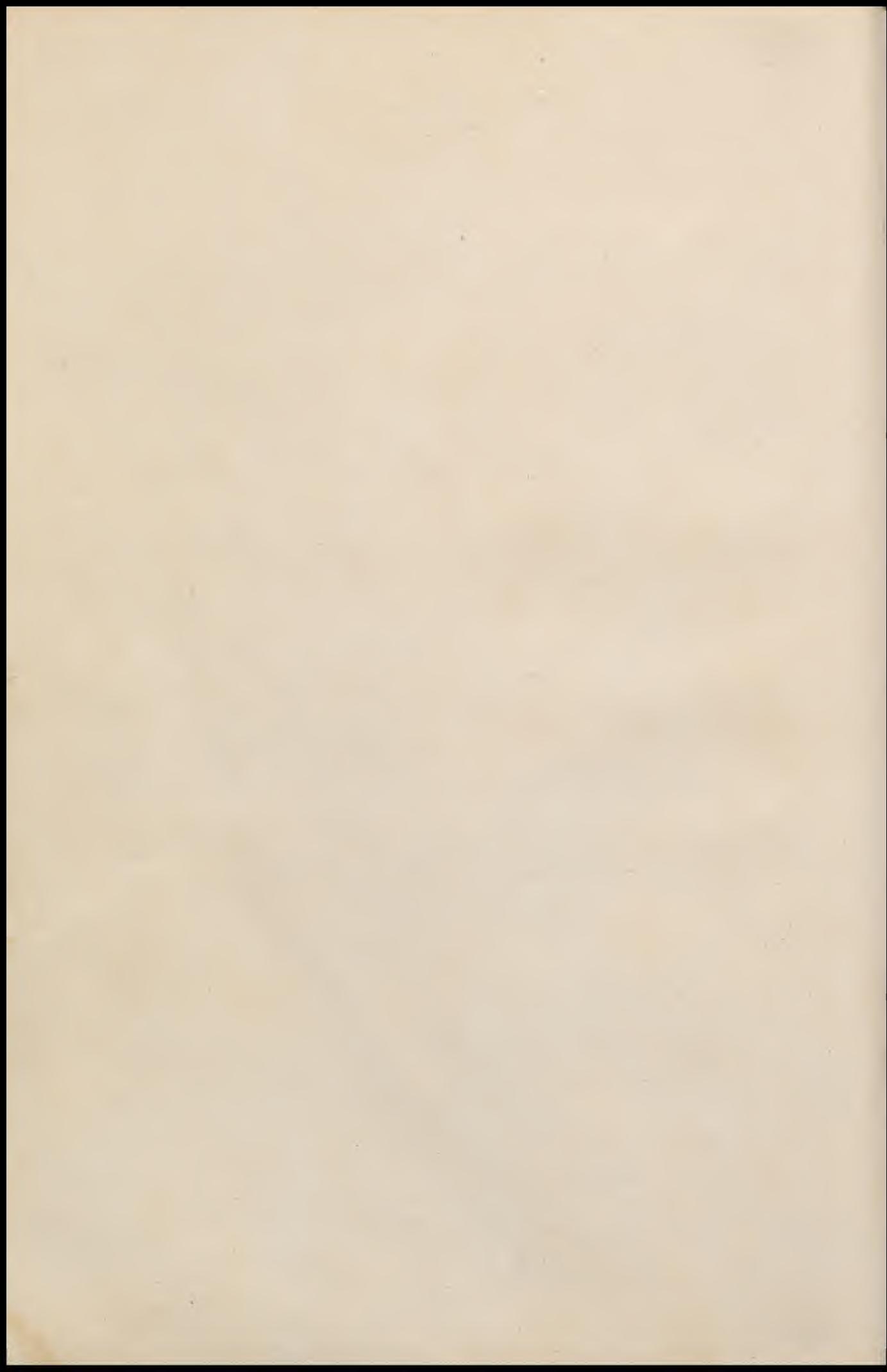


Topic Annual





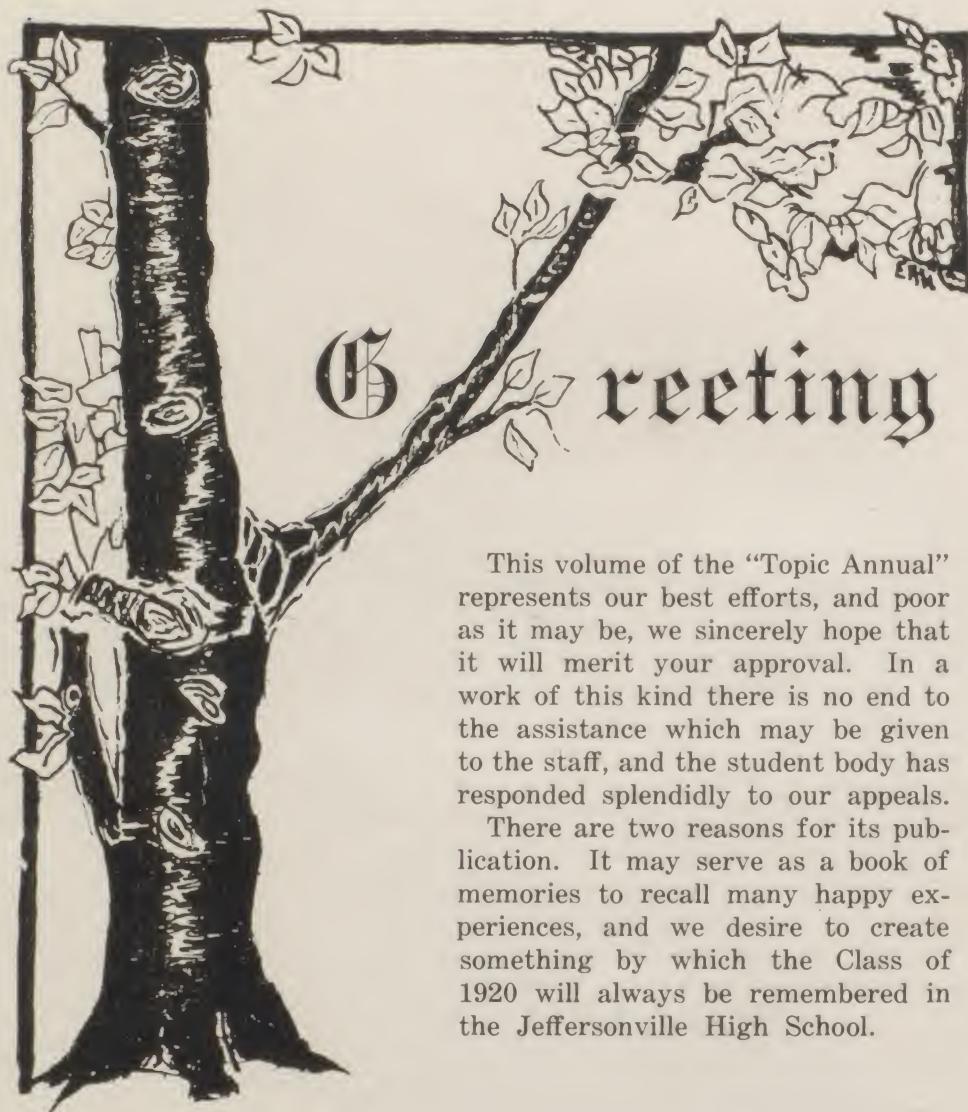


The Topic Annual

1920



Published by
The Senior Class
Jeffersonville High School
Jeffersonville, Indiana



This volume of the "Topic Annual" represents our best efforts, and poor as it may be, we sincerely hope that it will merit your approval. In a work of this kind there is no end to the assistance which may be given to the staff, and the student body has responded splendidly to our appeals.

There are two reasons for its publication. It may serve as a book of memories to recall many happy experiences, and we desire to create something by which the Class of 1920 will always be remembered in the Jeffersonville High School.

Dedication

We, the Class of 1920, lovingly
dedicate this volume of The
Topic Annual to the Red and
White, our High School colors.



School History

The High School in Jeffersonville had rather an indefinite start. It really began in the old Mulberry Street School, for many years called the "Old Blue School." But it was not called a high school until September 1870, when the new school was built on Chestnut Street. It was a three-story brick structure, built according to the latest model schools. The grade system was organized at this same time.

The grades were on the first and second floors. The whole third floor was used for the high school. Prof. H. B. Parsons was the superintendent and principal. He was also one of the teaching staff of the high school. There were two other teachers, Prof. Wynne and Miss Mary Ingram. Prof. Mosemiller taught German to the grades, as well as to the high school.

Greek, Latin, Political Economy, Natural Theology, Evidences of Christianity, Higher Mathematics, German and English Literature were taught.

The boys and girls were seated in separate rooms. The classes were not very large, four or five being the average. The only equipment was a "Webster's Unabridged Dictionary." The first class to graduate had a two year course. Later the course was extended to cover four years. Five girls made up that first graduating class. They were, Miss Anna



Hobbs, Miss Julia Ingram, Miss Laura Wilson, Miss Fanny Pile and Miss Betty Colvin. The first commencement exercises were held Tuesday, June 4, 1872.

There was no social life, such as we have, connected with the school.

The school made such great progress that a new building was erected on the corner of Pearl and Chestnut Streets, and the old one was used exclusively for grades.

In 1883 the school moved to the new building. The trustees were, Mr. Floyd Parks, Mr. George Pfau, Mr. John Ingram. The first principal was Prof. R. L. Butler; Prof. D. S. Kelly, superintendent. Mr. Edwin S. Hopkins and Miss Amelia Platter completed the faculty.

The seventh and eighth grades occupied the first floor, the high school the second. As time passed the school became larger and it was necessary to take the whole building for the high school. As this came about, the faculty became larger and the course of study was enlarged and more up-to-date studies were introduced, music and art among them.

It was at this school that for the second time a lady, Miss Simpson, became principal. Miss Julia Ingram was the first, having served at Chestnut Street.

The school grew rapidly and a new building on the corner of Court and Meigs Avenues was started.

In February 1911, the school moved to the new building, the present site. Trustees were, John Gienger, Allen Swartz, J. E. Glossbrenner. Prof. E. M. Marble was superintendent; Prof. Emmet Taylor, principal;

Miss Clara Funk, Miss Ada Frank, Miss Maud M. Craig, Miss Mary K. Voigt, Miss Anna Nahstoll, Mr. Henry Temple, Mr. Alvin Voigt and Miss Harring made up the faculty.

In this new building many new departments were added, Domestic Science, Sewing and Manual Training.

The school increased very rapidly. The need for more room changed the original plan of seating the boys and girls in separate rooms. With the increase of the school came the increase in faculty. New studies, Chemistry, Shorthand and Typewriting and Printing have recently been introduced.

For the third time in the history of the school a lady, Miss Mary K. Voigt, has been made principal.

With the growth of the school this building, which seemed so large, is now almost too small. Several annexes could be used to an advantage.

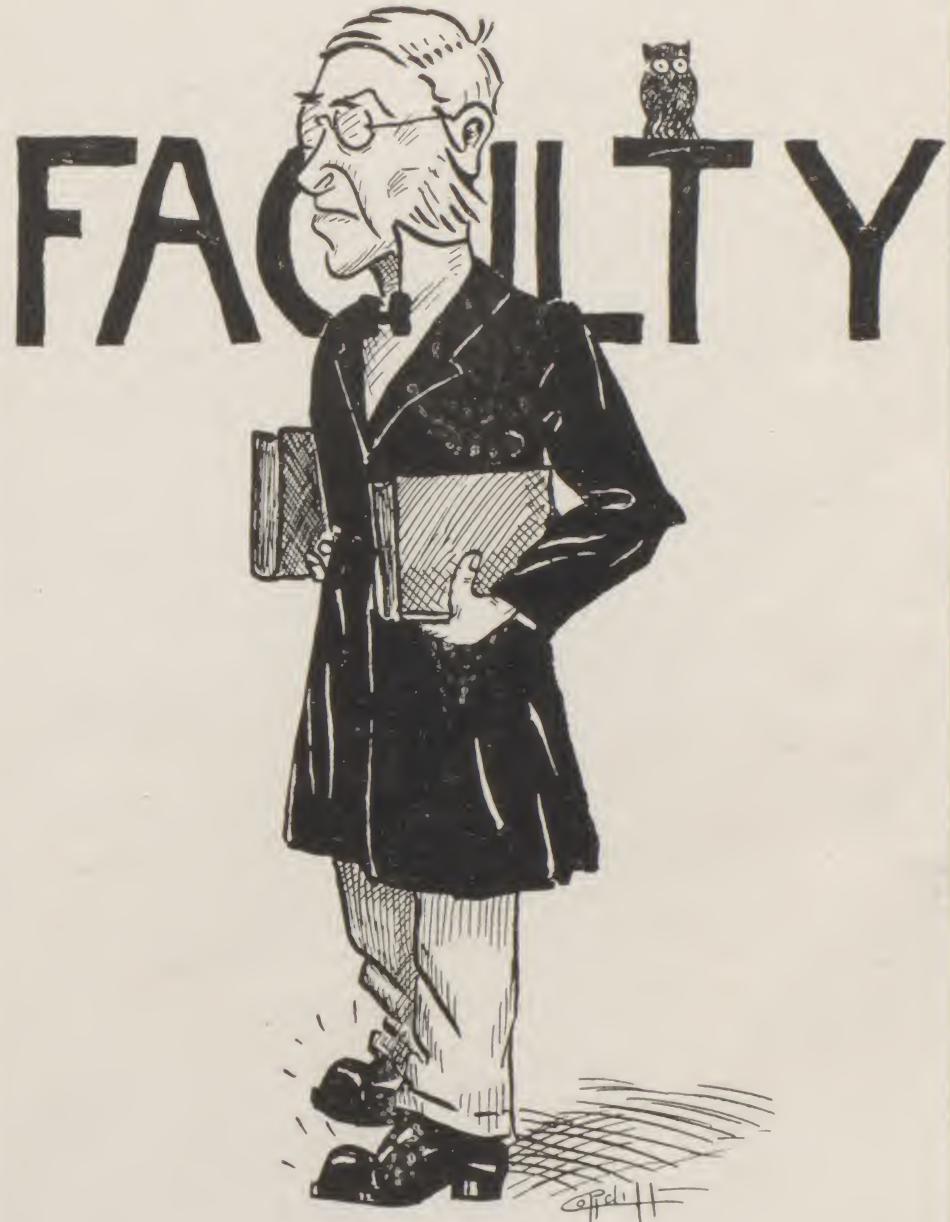
Clubs and various social organizations have been organized in connection with the school and add much to the enjoyment of the pupils.

In these fifty years that high school has been in existence much progress has been made. We have yet to see what another fifty years will bring.

VIRGINIA REYNOLDS, Class '20.



"Old school house, a blessing on thee."





MARY K. VOIGT, Principal.

She met us with smiles on the threshold,
And in that dear temple of art—
She left with the skill of a workman,
Her touch on each mind and each heart.



The Faculty

Mary K. Voigt, Principal	Mathematics
Anna C. Nahstoll	English
Ada W. Frank	Latin
Clara Funk	English
Maud M. Craig	English
Amos C. Henry	Mathematics
Marie Deibel	Domestic Science
Ruth Rose	History
Irvin J. Marcus	Manual Training
Mary Luther	Commercial
Anna Abel	Science
Frances Taggart	French
Ruth Repine	Music and Art
Lena Board	Physical Culture



The Topic Staff

Editor-In-Chief	William T. Laidly
Associate Editor	Jessie Snepp
Business Manager	Martin Nahstoll
Assistant Business Manager	Richard Willey
Circulation Manager	Charles H. Pease
Literary Editor	Alma Beyl
Athletic Editor	Lester Leach
Organizations Editor	Reilly Coll
Art Editor	Elizabeth Russell
Joke Editor	Kenneth Applegate

Class Editors

Senior	Georgia Norris
Junior	Ruth Baldwin
Sophomore	Della Zuerner
Freshman	Robert Cordill

Senior members of this staff are the publishers of the annual.

"Merrily They'll
— Roll Along"





ALMA BEYL

"So with the world thy gentle ways,
Thy grace, thy more than beauty,
Shall be an endless theme of praise,
And love,—a simple duty."

MARGUERITE SMITH

"Because thou art in love,
And they who are in love are always
jealous,
Therefore thou shouldst be."

CULMER P. LENTZ

"Tho' modest' on his unembarrassed brow
Nature had written—'Gentleman.' "

HAZEL MARGARET REYNOLDS

"A smiling maid
All coy and blushing."

GEORGIA O. NORRIS

"The head is stately, calm and wise
And bears a queenly part,
And down below in secret lies
The warm impulsive heart."



ELIZABETH RUSSELL

"She is pretty to walk with
And witty to talk with
And pleasant, too, to think on."

RALPH L. SCHWANINGER

"He commands and we obey."

IRENE COLLIER

"Her merry-hearted laughter,
Like the bubbling o' the brook,
Made her look jes' twicet as purty
Ez a pictur in a book."

LOUIS H. HOWLAND

"My doctern is to lay aside
Contentions and be satisfied;
Jest do your best, and praise er blame
That follers that, counts jest the same."

VIRGINIA REYNOLDS

"And many a wicked smile she smole,
And many a wink she wunk."



CARRIE W. MORRIS

"I've got the laffin' fever,
A feelin' most sublime;
I can't see any sorrier,
Fur I'm laffin' all the time."

WILLIAM T. LAIDLY

"Young Genius his own coronal
Around thy forehead wreathes
And high thoughts are the atmosphere,
In which thy spirit breathes."

LOIS BEESON

"The light of love, the purity of grace,
The mind, the music breathing from her
face,
The heart whose softness harmonized
the whole."

EARL A. HODSON

"A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the wisest men."

HAZEL F. MILES

"Thou hast reason quick and strong,
Wit that envious men admire,
And a voice, itself a song!
What then can we still desire?"



MARY MATTHEWS

"She is calm and great
Large purpose in her eye,
Honors on her await."

FOREST R. THOMAS

"He gains the prize who will the most
endure,
Who faces issues; he who never shirks,
Who waits and watches and who always
works."

FAY HARRIS

"God sent his singers upon earth
With songs of sadness and of mirth,
That they might touch the hearts of men,
And bring them back to heaven again."

CHARLES H. PEASE

"A youth, light-hearted and content;
The glass of fashion, and the mould of
form,
The observed of all observers."

NELLIE H. HEARSEY

"Of all the girls that e'er were seen,
There's none so fine as Nellie."



EMMA JEAN HOLMES

"She made our burdens lighter seem;
Our worries chased away;
Her cherry greetings always made
A brighter, lighter day."

PAUL HOWARD

"I tell you what I'd ruther do—
If I only had my ruthers
I'd ruther work when I wanted to
Than be bossed around by others."

FRANCES E. CULP

"A face with gladness overspread,
Sweet looks, by human kindness bred."

RAY BONIFER

"Conceive me, if you can
A most polite young man."

MARY LOUISE COOTS

"Command me to that generous heart
Which, like the pine on high,
Uplifts the same unvarying brow
To every change of sky."



RUTH E. SAGE

"Many a joy is thine
And many a virtue comes
To join thy happy train."

MARTIN E. NAHSTOLL

"Why, Daniel Webster never was
Recipient of such applause."

RUTH E. BOTTORFF

"Few things are impossible to diligence
and skill."

REILLY COLL

"I'll get fun out of life if it takes a
vacuum cleaner."

RUTH SAGEBIEL

"Her very tone is music's own,
Like those of morning birds;
And something more than melody
Dwells ever in her words."



CATHERINE COX CREAMER

"Her glossy hair was clustered o'er a
brow,
Bright with intelligence, an fair and
smooth."

WENDELL SWARTZ

"Some think the world is made for fun
and frolic,
And so do I! And so do I!"

EVELYN COLEMAN

"Whatever she did was done with so
much ease,
In her alone, 'twas natural to please."

PAUL R. SCULL

"Nothing to blush for, and nothing to
hide,
Trust in his character felt far and wide."

MARY THRO

"There is a pleasure in poetic pains,
Which only poets know."



HELEN HIEATT

"Sweetest things are often wrapped in
smallest packages."

HELEN A. PAYNE

"Those smiles unto the moodiest mind
Their own pure joy impart;
Their sunshine leaves a glow behind,
That lightens o'er the heart."

KENNETH E. APPLEGATE

Says the little man—
"Beware! I may yet do something
sensational."

MARGARET E. KENNY

"When Irish hearts are happy
All the world seems bright and gay
And when Irish eyes are smiling
Sure they steal your heart away."

MARY ELIZABETH CRONE

"Sweet as the tender fragrance that
survives,
When martyred flowers breathe out their
little lives
Sweet as a song that once consoled our
pains,
But never will be sung to us again
by thy remembrance."



IRWIN E. CRUM

"Let the world slide,
Let the world go,
A fig for a care,
And a fig for a woe!"

LESTER H. LEACH

"The man who wins is an average man
Not built on any particular plan,
Nor blest with any peculiar luck,
Just steady and earnest and full of
pluck."

MADELINE RAGER

"That which is sweetest,
Completest and neatest,
A dear little, queer little,
Sweet, little girl."

EDWARD ZURSCHMEIDE

"Often bashful looks conceal
Tongue of fire and heart of steel."

LILLIAN M. TEMPEL

"Happy"—She has a heart with room for
every joy."

Class History

By WILLIAM T. LAIDLY '20.

It was one morning in early September 1916, at 8 A. M., that the large disorganized crowd of Freshmen, composing our Class of 1920, entered one of the stations of the J. H. S. Railroad and accosted the station agent in an embarrassed manner.

"We want through tickets to Graduation," we said, as soon as we had the nerve.

"I can't give you through tickets," said the agent, "because there are three long stops before you get there. There are no through trains because Mr. E. M. Crouch, President of the Road, will not allow it. It's too tiresome on the train crew and passengers, also."

"Well, it is a good idea, after all. Will you flag the train for us, please?"

"It always stops here," the agent replied, "but even if it did not stop ordinarily, the engineer would be sure to stop when he saw you. You know green is a caution signal on all railroads."

Twenty minutes later the train pulled up. It consisted of four coaches, the first of which, No. 13, was assigned to us. All clambered aboard and proceeded to arrange ourselves as well as possible. In this we were assisted a great deal by Conductor Frank of our coach. Our course of study or the time table was a puzzle for awhile but when that had been arranged we settled down to study. At least we tried to study. The traveling was rough in that first car because the smoke bothered us and everything was new. The Class soon made the acquaintance of the train porter, Elijah. From " 'Lige," as we familiarly learned to call him, we got a lot of information, concerning the train crew, Engineer Emmett Taylor, President Crouch and the Board of Directors, John Geinger, Louis F. Scheer and William G. Young. A short time later we elected our officers as follows: Cleona Storz, Pres.; Martin Nahstoll, V-Pres.; Ralph Schwaninger, Sec'y.; and Anna Reilly, Treas. Light green and canary were made our colors and we have loyally stood by them ever since.

We were now getting accustomed to the new conditions and although several had found the work too hard and had been left off at the small stations, we were re-enforced in February by a delegation from Departmental. Some of these became the "cream" of the travelers. Heretofore we had been troubled not a little by the passengers in the car next to No. 13, but their attitude suddenly changed for we received an invitation to attend the Sophomore-Freshman Social. We accepted, doubtfully, however, and attended the affair. Every one enjoyed himself "hugely" which fact increased our respect for the Sophs 100%. The year was now drawing to its close for the first long lay-over was not far distant. In taking account of ourselves, we found that we had done very good work for green Freshmen, considering the trying conditions. So the station was reached and the first year ended.

Three months later after a vacation of work and play, the Class returned to the train to continue their journey. This time we occupied No. 17, the second coach, to give the new comers our old home in the first one. How far above them we were! Oh, well, it's the way of the Sophs to feel bigger than any one else in school and our class was not an exception. The train pulled out on time but we are sorry to say that many of the former Class members did not make it. Among these was our president. However, there were many of us so we were satisfied. " 'Lige" came around before long to tell us the news. We found that many changes had taken place.

"Yes," he said, "we have a new president now. Mr. Crouch has gone to Tennessee and the Board of Directors has promoted Engineer Taylor to be President of the J. H. S. R. R. Conductor Voigt of the Senior car is holding the throttle now—very efficiently, too. Brakeman Nahstoll is now in charge of the Senior bunch. The rest of the crew is somewhat changed too—a lot of new hands."

"Well, I suppose we can get used to the new state of affairs 'Lige.' "

"Sure. The new ones have worked on other roads before and have experience. I must get to my sweepin' now. If the Seniors don't quit writing notes, I don't know what I'll do."

As the traveling was smooth we now had no trouble in settling down and establishing a reputation under the supervision of Conductor Craig. Our Class seemed to be first in everything. A short time later our officers were selected, Lois Beeson, Pres.; Fay Harris, V-Pres.; William Laidly, Sec'y.; and Ralph Schwaninger, Treas. Nothing else of importance happened this year except the "tacky" party we gave the Freshmen. We did our best to beat the social of the previous year and some say, we did. At any rate it was a success. From this time on to the close of the year, the Class was too busy even to look out of the windows.

At the beginning of the Junior year, fewer of us boarded No. 12, a spacious comfortable-looking car,—much nicer than last year's—but as the year before some wasted too much time and did not catch it. The first thing we heard was Conductor Funk's voice saying, "Of course, the Juniors are the best people in high school and they take the lead in everything. They are upper-classmen and must set the lower ones a good example." A month later a great calamity over-took us, namely the "flu" epidemic. The train had to be stopped for a couple of months, it was so serious and passengers and crew alike suffered. After it had subsided our 1919 accomplishments were too numerous to mention, thus proving the truth of our sponsor's assertion. The most important was that we were 100% in World War Work. William Laidly was chosen President; Mary Matthews and later Lois Beeson, V-Pres.; Virginia Reynolds, Sec'y.; and Charles Pease, Treas. We missed our old friend "Lige" one morning and it was not long before a call was given out for substitutes. A number of Class '20 boys helped out with the work for the rest of the year but we missed "Lige's" conversation. At the close of the year our Class successfully "put over" the Junior-Senior Reception and Commencement work. You may believe it or not but when we stopped at the station, all were eager to rest three months from our hard third year's work.

As Seniors we were dignity personified. As a whole we rested for awhile "on our laurels" (for the Senior coach was a parlor car) but as individuals we worked hard especially the "printers" and "Topic" staff, which was chosen a short time later. It was a great year. The very thought of being the highest Class passengers on the train counted a great deal. Of course, the Seniors are expected to be foremost and set good examples for the under-classmen to follow. Out of the large Freshman Class with which we started, three were only 46 left. Of these Ralph Schwaninger was President; Elizabeth Russell, V-Pres.; Fay Harris, Sec'y.; and Paul Howard, Treas. There were very few changes in the train crew this year but the Board of Directors consisted now of David S. Cook, D. H. Rose and Louis F. Scheer. Later in the year, Elmer McCullom of the C. S. S. R. R. became President to succeed Mr. Taylor who had resigned, and J. C. Cook succeeded his father, whose death came as a great surprise to school people. On this occasion the train was stopped for a half day to show our respect for our friend. "Pete" Stemler was the new porter this year and proved to be a great friend of the fellows especially.

All good things must end, however, and it was so with our Senior year. We knew it would be only a short time until we should alight from coach 7 for our life journey and we did not know whether to be glad or sorry. As our custom has always been to work hard, we continued to do so until Commencement week arrived as a grand finish to our high school life. A great week was enjoyed then—it was all over for the members of the Class of 1920 with nothing left but a diploma and the memory of four happy years spent in J. H. S.

Last Will and Testament

We, the members of the great Class of '20 of Jeffersonville High School, Jeffersonville, Indiana, realizing that our school life is nearing its close and while we are yet in possession of sound mind and body, do hereby state and declare this to be our last will and testament and do appoint Miss Mary K. Voigt as executor of this said will and testament.

We bequeath to the Juniors our class room number 7 with all the desks, text books, ink bottles and note books and other paraphernalia which may be found in the said room.

To Burke Dorsey we leave Charles Pease's complexion and wavy hair.

We bequeath Culmer's girls to Nathaniel Isler in hopes he will not get lonely.

Wendell Swartz's ability to play basketball we leave to our cheer-leader "Spookie" to assure a good B. B. team next year.

We bequeath Hazel Miles's Ford to Miss Funk so she can save car fare.

Carrie Morris' ability to understand "Civics" we leave to Jessie Snepp.

To Miss Rose we leave all our Histories, both text and note-books, so that she will not ask any other classes to keep note-books.

The Senior boys bequeath "their girl," Marguerite to Albert Meranda, providing that Albert enters the debate against Manual Tr. High in the fall.

Edward Zwichmeide's wild, wild ways and women we leave to August Jones.

We leave Paul Scull's early hours to Miss Diebel.

To Miss Luther we leave the "ferry-boat" typewriter.

To Leona Howard we leave Margaret Kenny's blushing cheeks.

Paul Howard's long yellow locks we leave to Barringer Catlin.

We bequeath Irwin Crum's ability to capture those in uniform to Ruth Baldwin.

Kenneth's smile, complexion, and beauty, we leave to some "cute lil" Freshman of the coming 1924 Class.

Madaline Rager's ability to translate Cicero and Virgil we leave to Lucille Eich.

We leave to some future Freshman the variety of smiles that Frances Culp possessed during her time at "Hi."

Mary Thro's noisy ways we bequeath to Richard Robinson.

Emma Jean Holmes' dates we leave to Mildred Dunlevy.

To Paul Martin we bequeath Helen Payne's goggles in case Paul breaks his while looking for a girl.

Lillian Tempel's memory book we leave to the school library provided that no attempt will be made to put any more newspapers into it.

To Sid Myers we bequeath Evelyn Coleman's voice.

Hazel Reynold's knowledge we bequeath to some one who understands the meaning of Bolshevism.

We leave Martin Nahstoll's midway walks to Mable's next victim, providing that the said "victim" is a "Walker."

We bequeath William Laidly's ability to regulate and manage magazines to the next year's editor of the "Topic."

We leave Ray Bonifer's pompadour to Charles Goodwin.

To Morona Hull we leave Catherine Creamer's short dresses.

To Miss Repine we bequeath Lo's Beeson's musical ability.

We leave the art ability of "Tubby" Russell to the next year's "Topic" Art Editor in hopes that the talent may be used to make a great "Topic" of 1921.

We bequeath Earl Hodson's shoe-shine to Dowling Zurschmeide.

We leave Jerk Leach's razor to aspiring Sophomores.

To Della Zuerner we leave Reilly Coll's powder puff.

To Miss Frank we leave Alma Beyl's old Latin books.

We bequeath Mary Louise Coots' forward ways to Kathleen Mears.

We bequeath Ruth Sage's vampish ways to Authnel Olinger.

To a future member of Miss Board's "gym" class we leave Gin Reynolds' gracefulness and dancing ability.

We bequeath Elizabeth Crone's sewing ability to Clara May Weber.

We leave Louis Howland's car tickets to Eleanor Creel.

To Richard Bennett we leave Ralph Schwaninger's ability to concentrate.

We leave Forest Thomas' popularity among the younger set to Martin Borcherding.

We bequeath Irene Collier's height to Margaret Phipps.

We leave Ruth Bottorff's power to "tickle the ivories" to Lillian Pumphrey.

We leave Nellie's pony to Miss Nahstoll so that she will be able to drive to Charlestown.

We leave Fay Harris and Marguerite Smith to two of their Junior friends.

We bequeath Ruth Sagebiel's fluent conversation to Mr. Henry.

To Miss Taggart we leave Mary Matthews' French pronunciation.

We bequeath Helen Hieatt's pies to Glena Collier.

We leave Georgia Norris to Miss Abel for we are sure she will make a capable assistant.

To Miss Craig and Miss Voigt we leave our best wishes and gratitude and hope they may always be loved as they have been loved by the Class of 1920.

To this, our last and only will and testament we, the aforesaid J. H. S. Class of '20 set our hand and seal this 18th day of May, 1918.

(Witness) WALTER TETLEY.

(Witness) BERTHA CATLIN.

(Witness) CECIL LUTZ.

(Witness) RUTH COON.



Class Prophecy

By HELEN PAYNE '20.

One fine warm day in May I went into Room 12 to prepare for a test. The warm breeze and the undisturbed silence soon brought a feeling of weariness over me, so I laid my head on my desk to rest my brain and to try to forget for a minute the troubles of the world. My unbridled thoughts ran in many directions and finally they went wandering down the hall and into Room 13, seemingly ten years later. Bare and forsaken, indeed,—the place I had spent so many happy hours, now gloomy and quite forgotten. Suddenly I heard a loud buzz and turned to find its source. I was very much startled but could see nothing out of the ordinary. Then the noise came again, very much louder, I went over to the ventilator to see if a bird had fallen down it but just then the noise came again, louder and shriller.

It came from the direction of the clock. I went over there quickly and noticed a smile on the face of the clock, which had looked so lonesome when I entered. The clock was very friendly and talked on very interesting subjects when finally it said, "Do you remember Charles Pease?" "Oh, yes, indeed,—I shall never forget him and how efficiently he recited," I said. "Well, he has just been employed by the Swiss government to engineer the construction of an expensive bridge in the Alps," the clock replied. This brought to my mind the different members of the Class of 1920 so I asked the clock if it knew anything concerning the other members. "Oh, yes, I know most of them and their present occupations," and, while I listened, the clock went on telling me about my friends that recently I had heard so little about. How amazed I was when it said that Emma Jean Holmes is the principal instructor in a dancing school in Faris, with Frances Culp as her right hand assistant. Virginia Reynolds who has spent some time in a hospital has invented several new methods of weaving and various handwork and is now in Canada teaching disabled soldiers many new arts.

Georgia Norris has fulfilled her life time wish by graduating from Butler College and is now teaching advanced physics there and very often sees Evelyn Coleman who teaches Latin in the Indianapolis Girls' High School.

Paul Howard has complied with the U. S. Food Acts and Regulations and intends to put on the market a new flavor resembling that of garlic but with a more pleasant after-taste.

Ruth Sagebiel, while on a visit to the southwest, has married a Mexican and is now a Senorita, famous for her beauty and modesty.

Irwin Crum has a home in Hawaii where she is studying the ballads and war songs of the natives. Lois Beeson is also rendering much joy to the world through music, being leader of "the jazziest orchestra in town" in a Broadway cabaret. Lester Leach, who always had a good opinion of his tenor, is her leading tenor player after studying the cornet for several years in Germany.

Lillian Temple is "making the little things count" by teaching kindergarten school in the suburbs of Paducah, Kentucky.

Then the clock stopped talking but I was so much interested that I begged it to tell me about the entire class. It told me to tell it when I was tired so it could stop, and then it went on—

William Laidly has been chosen as a nominee for U. S. President, but due to the fact that it will interfere with his latest article, "Why Cats Purr," he has declined the offer. Catherine Creamer is touring Asia introducing a new patent hair-restorer which she guarantees will prevent any man from becoming bald, if he lives to be a hundred years old. In a recent letter to relatives she mentioned seeing Earl Hodson who has taken up the "wild and reckless ways" of the East and now has a harem in southern India.

And this brings to my mind Alma Beyl,—several years ago I noticed her running through the hall with a basketball,—now she is teaching this game as a portion of physical culture in the Girls' University in London.

Mary Thro has recently published a book of poems which critics say rank alongside those of Whittier and Longfellow. One of the poems was written in honor of Margaret Smith,—who has spent thousands of dollars in erecting an asylum for orphans. Margaret is superintendent matron and is doing much to foster the morality of the children.

Again the clock hesitated, so I said, "Do you remember Paul Scull?" "Yes, indeed," said the clock, "He is a leading banker in New York. He is very prosperous,—since he always had bankers' hours." Ruth Bottorff is the head milliner in a New Orleans millinery store. It is said that only fashions from Paris can compete with her splendid originality.

Forest Thomas is the owner of an entirely new circus which is touring the world for the benefit of school children. His leading lady is Ruth Sage who is noted both for her fancy diving and for being such a graceful bare-back rider on camels and elephants. Irene Collier also deserves mention here because she sells tickets at the gate and on days of extra large crowds, she helps out by causing great excitement in the crowd when she walks through a den of ferocious-looking lions.

Wendell Swartz is making a fortune with his new invention on basketballs which he guarantees never to fail going through the basket, if it gets a half chance. Hazel Reynolds has finished her task, she has just finished a new Civics Text-book. Deep? Yes, but quite interesting and no one will fail if he studies in it.

Edward Zurschmeide is a very noted lawyer in Chicago. His wonderful flow of speech and ability to speak in public without the least embarrassment has aided him wonderfully in his career. Ralph Schwaninger is

the foreign minister to Iceland. He is also studying the nature of the Polar animals and edits for the Jeffersonville Star, a semi-weekly article concerning these animals. Fay Harris has recently presented to the public her originality in art by an illustrated book containing class pins. She always possessed a delicate fascination for pretty pins. Martin Nahstoll is the owner of the largest cleaning and pressing factory in the west. His interests always developed along the line of the "up-keep" of a "tailor-made man."

Again the clock stopped but I knew by its cheerful smile that it was not bored by my curiosity and soon went on talking.

"Kenneth Applegate?—Oh, yes, he has just invented a new alarm clock that, when it rings in the morning, frightens one so badly that he won't think about going back to sleep for at least fourteen hours." This is for the benefit of other sleepy high school students who have Kenneth's fullest sympathy. Louis Howland is the owner of a most aristocratic hotel and summer resort in the east. The entire department of meal planning and serving is under the skillful hand of Carrie Morris,—the hotel being world renowned for its delicious meals.

Elizabeth Russell has joined the grand opera and made quite a hit in Paris singing "Camille." Mary Matthews belonged to a vaudeville troop for a few years but has recently made a contract with the "Big 2" consisting of Hazel Miles and Madeline Rager. They have changed the name to the "Big 3" and have planned an entirely new line of productions. Nellie Hearsey answered a correspondence in a magazine and married a wealthy bachelor. They have a very fine orange grove in California. Culmer Lentz is the Secretary of Agriculture at Washington, D. C., and has a close political friendship with Reilly Coll who was elected Senator from Nebraska last year.

Raymond Bonifer is a patent demonstrator and is now demonstrating a new can opener which takes the place in the family kitchen of the cork-screw and bottle-opener which have gone out of style. Elizabeth Crone has a beauty parlor near Watson and specializes in hair-dressing and correct coiffures.

Margaret Kenny is managing the women's votes in the presidential campaign (voting for the president of a new 5 & 10c store in Crothersville, Indiana. Mary Louise Coots is traveling about the world collecting curios for a new museum which is to be erected on the lot of a former livery stable on Court Avenue near Spring Street. This is to contain some of the rare Arabic manuscripts, and also some of the best books in the township library will be put there for safe-keeping.

Helen Hieatt is trying to get a new device constructed which will act as a muffler on pencil sharpeners. She has spent much hard labor and hopes to complete it soon.

The clock said, "Well, this is all of your classmates." "Yes," I said, "But here I am,—having graduated from Indiana University with a M. A. but am still without any place in the world." "Don't worry," said the clock, "As I see your classmates in their present occupations, I can just

as easily see your future. I see you as a medium,—working ouija boards and cutting cards, satisfying your many callers by your ready answers to all their questions of doubt and trouble."

Then some one grabbed my shoulder and shook me. I looked around in amazement and saw that Miss Nahstoll was trying to waken me from a deep slumber. But I have always been glad that she didn't discover me sleeping any sooner and thus spoil my beautiful dream of the future of the Class of 1920.

Our School

J stands for Justice, which always is done
The best we know how here under the sun.
E stands for Everyone,—no one must shun
His work for the teacher, for 'twill not be fun.
F stands for Fight, for struggle we must
To make all of our credits and be honest and just.
F stands, too, for Frolic,—we all like some fun;
Here many a lasting friendship's begun.
E stands for Effort each one must make
By doing his best for J. H. S.'s sake.
R stands for Right, the way we should try
To do as the days so swiftly pass by.
S stands for the Sunshine we shed as we go
Hoping that sorrow our Class will ne'er know.
O stands for Order which by all must be kept
Or our school will not rise, as we wish, step by step.
N stands for Notes, how foolish, how wasteful
Our paper and time would fill up a big case full.
V stands for Victory and oh how we cheer
For J. H. S.'s triumph we have ne'er a fear.
I stands for Idle a thing of the past,
For we must be going and work to the last.
L stands for Love for the dear teachers here
Who've helped us and guided us through every year.
L stands for Life at whose portal we stand
And hope that it holds all the best for our band.
E stands for Errors we made day by day,
But kindly forgive them, good teachers, we pray.
H stands for Habits, some bad and some good,
But we hope for the best our Class always stood.
I stands for Improvement we all try to make
For the name of our school is the thing that's at stake.
G stands for Graduates all eager for May
And forty-five happy hearts will beat on that day.
H stands for Honor we all want to show
To the school that is best of any we know.
S stands for School days, almost of the past,
But sweeter they grow as they come to the last.
C stands for Courses that each one must choose
And do his work well and interest ne'er lose.
H stands for Honor earned by the few,
But each one can get it if his work well he'll do.

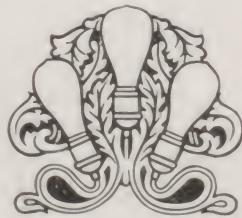
O stands for Obedience exacted from all
Or Seniors so big, or poor Freshmen so small.
L stands for Love that time cannot sever
From all J. H. S.—the best aye forever.

RUTH BOTTORFF, Class '20.

Degrees Conferred

Irwin Crum	Q. M.	Quiet and Modest
Fay Harris	S. T.	Some Talker.
Charles Pease	A. R.	Apollo's Rival.
Carrie Morris	M. A.	Much Admired.
Mary Matthews	D. L.	Dignified Lady.
Hazel Reynolds	P. B.	Prospective Bride.
Culmer Lentz	F. L.	Fast Laddie.
Hazel Miles	P. V.	Perfect Venus.
Virginia Reynolds	B. A.	Bachelor's Agent.
Forest Thomas	B. S.	Boy of the South.
Nellie Hearsey	C. M.	Country Maid.
Lester Leach	D. W.	Divine Warbler.
Margaret Kenny	N. B.	Never Blushes.
Frances Culp	B. L. L.	Bashful Little Lass.
Lois Beeson	A. M.	Accomplished Musician.
Ralph Schwaninger	B. L.	Business Lad.
Catherine Creamer	V. G.	Very Graceful.
Marguerite Smith	D. M.	Dainty Maiden.
Martin Nahstoll	B. D.	Brave Demosthenes.
Reilly Coll	D. C. L.	Damsel's Crack Lover.
Wm. Laidly	A. D.	Always Dependable.
Emma Jean Holmes	L. H. B.	Little Honey Bunch.
Helen Payne	W. W.	Witty and Wise.
Kenneth Applegate	P. S.	Peaceful Sleeper.
Ruth Sage	Q. R.	Quintessense Reproduced.
Lillian Tempel	M. M. E.	Multi Man Enchanter.

Mary Louise Coots -----E. E. Exceedingly Entertaining.
Mary Thro -----G. E. Gurgling Eddies.
Louis Howland -----S. S. Sober and Steadfast.
Paul Howard -----L. L. B. Little Lazy Boy.
Georgia Norris -----M. D. Maid of Devices.
Elizabeth Russell -----L. R. Late Riser.
Wendell Swartz -----M. L. Model Lover.
Evelyn Coleman -----C. L. Curly Locks.
Ruth Sagebiel -----A. E. Always Ethereal.
Irene Collier -----D. I. Divine Idler.
Raymond Bonifer -----B. B. Bashful Boy.
Helen Hieatt -----P. M. Pretty Modest.
Paul Scull -----F. H. Fair and Handsome.
Madeline Rager -----L. S. Little but Sweet.
Edward Zurschmeide -----A. S. Athletic Star.
Earl Hodson -----I. B. Impossible Boy.
Ruth Bottorff -----A. B. Always Busy.
Alma Beyl -----M. C. E. Many Colored Eyes.



Autobiography of a Senior

Do you know, some poor little child,—a Freshie, don't you know,—asked who and what I am. Did you ever hear of anything so green? Why, when I was a Freshman I could tell by the way they looked what year everybody belonged in and I certainly knew most of the Seniors. I figured that—

Freshies are fresh, green, forward and funny.

Sophs are sly, selfconscious, and shrinking (think so?)

Juniors are jolly, joking, but often jokes.

Seniors are somebody, sedate, serene (oughta be).

If I'd stopped to tell this particular young thing what her question called for I'd still be standing there. Of course, you mustn't think I'm conceited, but there's so much worth telling, don't you know? See, it happened something like the old books used to go,—back at the beginning.

I was born,—well, several years ago, no matter how many, for I mean I lived, as you see, and grew some. Thirteen years passed, during each of which I thought I was gaining the rainbow's end. But in 1916 I found out that this, the past, counted only as the preliminary to the great event.

In that great year, 1916, I entered J. H. S. (If you keep a note-book put that in with the important dates). Well, they didn't know what they had when they first got me. Now I've removed the proverbial bushel, and my light shines before men and they see my good works.

Now that I'm safely a Senior I realize what a verdant young creature I was. "Freshie" wasn't in it. What increased the absurdity of my verdure was my freshman-like assurance that I wasn't like the rest. No! Indeed! Well, I guess I was different—let's hope so for the sake of the rest.

One day in the spring something gave me a jar. I had an armload of books and an elastic neck. Needless to say, I used the neck more than the books. Going downstairs my foot slipped, (Freshie grace) and I dropped a book. In regaining it I lost another. So on until finally I lost my balance. Down I went to the landing, gathered myself and belongings together and started on with unusual dignity. Sad world! I fell the rest of the way!

Truly freshmanly, I was all feet, some kind somebody said I'd grow up to them, but I didn't. However, there was balm to soothe my wounded vanity for there stood a knight to pick up my books and, Oh Joy! he was a Junior! Yes, and he called on me, too, after that. I'd had dates before that, but it made it so much more romantic,—don't you know,—to fall at his feet,—and,—so—forth.

That year the Sophs entertained us. My "date" and I got separated in the angry mob, and I found myself sitting on the edge of a table, twisting my handkerchief and trying to talk to some other greenie as dry and shy as I. Oh it was thrilling! I think he was remarking that "it rained in Utica last week." Flutter, Flutter.

Don't you know, middle pockets are so little and stretch so. I always had to stuff mine with paper to make them hold their shape. Just blank paper, you know. Um hum! Every now and then a piece or two fell out, and it's funny how soon the news spread and came back to me.

There's a 1924 Freshie that reminds me of myself. He has an aversion to studying. He devours encyclopedias, dictionaries, and science books. I had him beat, though,

'cause I read all the school has from Shakespeare, some of Dickens, and yards of his line too. Smart? I surely am. Right now I remember a good sixth of what I read.

Well, commencement week finally came and school was over. No longer was I a mere Freshman,—in name,—but a Soph—o—more. How grand it seemed to be really coming back to school in the fall. The vacation was full and happy,—parties, camping, trips, boating, swimming, and all kinds of fun. But the very joy of being able to look sagely at those poor little "children," and to know that at last somebody must look up to me! I wasn't alone in this conceit, either. Didn't you ever notice how conceited the Sophomores are? Just beginning to believe they are so much, and know so much and COUNT for so much. Well, when they get to be Juniors they realize,—or should at least,—the folly of their delusion. But, of course, we Seniors really are worth noticing,—don't you think so? We do too.

When we entertained Class 1921! I can well remember the patronage I felt toward a certain red-haired, freckled-faced Freshie, who seemed particularly in need of attention. I had forgotten the table edge, the twisted handkerchief and the rain in Utica. I was a Soph! How well I remember them now! Somehow, when I recall these parties, I wonder how we survived the very dryness and staidness of them. It was, I suppose, just exuberant animal spirits trying to pass for dignity that made it,—and us,—almost unbearable.

In 1917 our great army went abroad. While it fought the Huns, we at J. H. S. in Class '20 sold stamps and bonds and fought lessons, especially Geom, in my case. My fondest hopes were shattered, I couldn't get "A's" in Geometry and I used to wish there wasn't any such a thing. But summer-time came to relieve my troubles. When we could feel spring in the air, and knew it would soon be summer, life seemed worth living again. This year the girls debated against the Argufiers and I, being hot-headed, as well as an "R. S. V. P." member, was terribly incensed over the decision in favor of our opponents. Then came the R. S. V. P. banquet, followed by the Argufier's banquet. I don't remember which one was the better. I know I had a lot of fun and good "eats" too, too!

That year it rained on commencement night. Did anybody ever hear of worse Dutch luck? Does anybody remember the music of that affair? It was unfortunate. I shall pass it with that.

The picnic was a great thing this time. Our "click" and our newly acquired beaux (not to mention a mountain of lunch) helped the boat up the river. She landed at lunch time, and we with our ever-ready safety appetites fell-to and dug a tunnel through the afore-mentioned lunch. Then it was time to make a dash up the Devil's Backbone, to row on the creek, to ride the merry-go-round,—and needless to say, to eat some more. Marvelous!—the elasticity of the human stomach on picnic days.

This ended the first half of a high school career.

When anybody gets to be a Junior he begins to be worth while. Last year I was one,—and so were the rest of the '20's. All the childish habits of note-writing, gum chewing, throwing chalk and getting caught were quietly concealed under the cloak of assumed dignity. Maybe the necessity of making credits or else some purely miraculous influence, made us believe ourselves,—and maybe it didn't.

In the fall of 1918 the great war was still raging. Some of our own home boys had gone to the colors and the awe and horror of the conflict, its magnitude and barbarity were impressing us more than they had done a year before. The school as a body and as a group of individuals, bent every effort to help both our own and our Allies. But in November,—don't you remember! Wasn't it joyful! Yet there was a certain amount of sadness, a great amount, in fact,—for those who couldn't laugh and shout again.

After a while work resumed its steady routine. I cannot dwell much upon this year,—I cannot remember it somehow. I do remember that out of school I and my friends entertained continuously for our friends in the service, but of the hours in school I seem to have forgotten almost everything. Miss Funk always boasts for the Juniors, so I guess we were all right.

There was the R. S. V. P.—Argufier debate, lost to the Argufiers, the R. S. V. P. banquet, the Argufiers' banquet, and the Junior-Senior Reception crowded into the last month or so. I remember getting new dresses, too, for the entertainments and what a wonderful time I had. Then came commencement in early June. Just like luck, I had to have a bad throat and couldn't go. They say it was very pretty.

In September 1919, the old crowd came back again to work together for the last time. I feel that this year has been the best, and my greatest regret is that I never before realized how important it was to keep up with the leaders. In the fall, I believe the first thing we did after we'd elected officers was to select our Class pins. I got enthusiastic over them,—even unintentionally made some of the Seniors peevish. You've all seen our little pins,—don't you like 'em? I like them better than any that any class has had for years.

One thing I haven't mentioned to you all is exams. Well, you know how awful they seem any time, but when you're a Senior somehow every mole's hill looks like Pike's Peak. Last term I used to tremble when the month rolled round. I had a holy horror of failing because it would cost me a credit if I failed a month. But that was all just fear. I made all my grades,—and am scaring my poor wits again this time with the great "What If?"

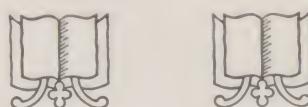
Just you wait till you see our announcements. I was crazy about the sample from the start. They're good-looking—but there. You'll have to see for yourselves.

Not very long ago the R. S. V. P. opposed the Argufiers, who were finally defeated by persistence. Glad? I was tickled to death. I'm waiting for their,—I mean our, its, or whatever it be,—entertainment. The Argufiers are interesting too,—always were.

Pretty soon the Junior-Senior reception will "come off." I'm just all interested in it. Getting all our new duds ready and finally being in the graduating class is no small thrill, I'll tell you. It happens only once to everyone,—only one high school commencement can be your really truly own.

Isn't it a shame? This fall we added such a nice looking Senior boy to our roster, but I only know him from the other corner of the room. You all recognize whom I mean. Well, I think it would be nicer if Seniors knew one another, don't you?

This is called an autobiography, but it has long since departed from its "auto," so some bright light please come forward and create a new word for it. But by the time the new word arrives I'll be gone, and then I won't be a Senior anymore. Then I'll be more than happy, ready to start in Freshman again and climb a steeper hill to Seniority.



Class '20

For four fleet years, oh J. H. S. of mine,
Our famous Class has "starred" within your walls;
Won great success in everything we've tried,
A really perfect Class, exempt from flaws.

Four Autumns saw our steps to High School turned,
Four Winters with their glistening ice and snow,
Four balmy Springs have found Class Twenty here—
Four years have passed and now we're forced to go.

To go—to quit these well-loved, oft-tred halls,
Endeared by memories of those gladsome days,
That we have spent in High School's happy walls—
For now we meet the parting of our ways.

The ensuing years will find us scattered far,
Each climbing high to distant peaks of fame;
The ideals of our High School in our hearts,
Director of the way we play Life's game.

Oh, High School, don't, we ask, forget us quite,
When we are winning laurels in many climes;
You cannot be forgot by our old Class,—
We'll oft recall those bygone happy times.

Our love for J. H. S. will ne'er diminish—
Twill greater grow—it never will grow less;
So let's give fifteen 'rahs for old Class Twenty,
And fifteen more for dear old J. H. S.

MARY THRO, '20.

The Hut On Stony Creek

By RALPH L. SCHWANINGER, '20.

The summer after my second year in college I spent in a lumber camp in Oregon. About the first of July we moved camp into the range of hills at the headwaters of Stony Creek. The country was rough and heavily timbered.

Very few men were in camp as the logging season had not yet begun. Most of our time was used in building new cabins for the winter crew. Every Saturday afternoon two men went down to the store at Lebanon to get any needed provisions.

Soon it came my turn, so Jack Straus and I started down the hills about one o'clock. It was one of those sultry days that make any exertion seem like the hardest work. We loafed along the way and often stopped to watch the minnows in the branch. Lebanon was six miles away and we reached it near three. We made the most of our vacation and were not ready to leave until five. It stayed light until late and we figured it would be better traveling after the sun had gone down. The load, two 48-lb. flour sacks and numerous smaller packages, was heavy and travel slow.

After we had gone a mile, a black cloud began to overspread the north. In five minutes one of those July thunder showers was upon us. At the first streak of lightning a big tree fell not fifty feet away. The flour soon became paste and had to be abandoned. As we reached farther into the forest, it became darker and it was hard to keep to the trail. Jack, knowing the territory better than I, traveled ahead. We often became separated, but managed to keep within shouting distance. We were both soaked and by this time had thrown away all the bundles. The wind increased and I followed more by instinct. I came upon a rushing torrent. "Hey, Jack," I called, not being able to cross. No answer. "Jack! Jack!" Still no reply and it finally came to me that I was lost, that I probably had been lost for maybe ten minutes. After stumbling around among the trees, I decided that the best thing to do would be to follow the creek.

About three miles farther I came into more open country. The rain ceased suddenly and I could easier see the unfamiliar objects about me.

Far ahead of me a light glimmered. What was it? Some other lost traveler. No, he would not have a light after all this hard rain. It must be a house. I resolved to go and try to seek a night's lodging. As I came nearer, the light proved to come from a window in a log hut.

Gruff voices issued from the chinks in the wall. I knocked. The lights went out and the voices were hushed. Again I knocked, louder.

"Who are you and what do you want?"

"I'm from the lumber camp. I was lost in the storm and want a night's lodging," I answered, hoping that I would be favorably received.

I waited a minute and then the door slowly opened. A man, roughly clad, stood there with a gun in one hand and a flickering candle in the other.

"Come in," he ordered. I entered and stood before the fire to dry. My host resumed his place at the table with three other men. Dirty cards and some thirty small coins were scattered over the table. A lamp threw a dull glimmer over the room from a bracket beside an old wooden cupboard. On two sides were tiers of bunks. In one corner by the fire-place four heavy rifles were stacked. Several skins were stretched

drying about the walls. The men muttered and I could make out very little. A few words reached me and only made me nervous. "Money—stranger—kill him—sleep—night."

When I was dry the leader handed me a candle and pointed to a ladder in the corner. I climbed it.

Above was an attic. The roof sloped down to the wall on two sides. At the opposite wall was an old cot with a single mattress. A small window opened toward the east. Under the eaves were dried apples and sides of bacon hanging by strings.

I took off my shoes and lay down on the cot. Sleep came slowly. I listened to the clinking of money below. The carousing became louder and I heard one fellow smash a bottle against the wall. Finally the noise died down and I dropped to sleep.

Suddenly I awoke. The moon was shining in through the window. What was that noise? It must be a rat. I laughed to myself and tried to go to sleep. There it was again. It sounded near the ladder. The noise grew closer and the boards creaked in the floor. Somebody or something was coming toward me, I could not see it.

Then a man loomed up between me and the window. A long butcher knife was in his hand. He bent over me to see if I were asleep.

I lay still and tried to think. Cold beads of perspiration broke out upon my forehead. What could I do? What chance was there in bolting? Maybe I could wrest the knife away from him. But, there were three other men down stairs.

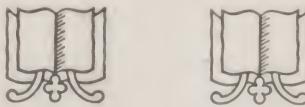
The man leaned over. The knife slowly descended. A quick stroke—and a big ham fell on the floor behind my cot. He reached under, picked it up, and went down the ladder. Another half hour passed and it was morning. I had had no idea what time it was.

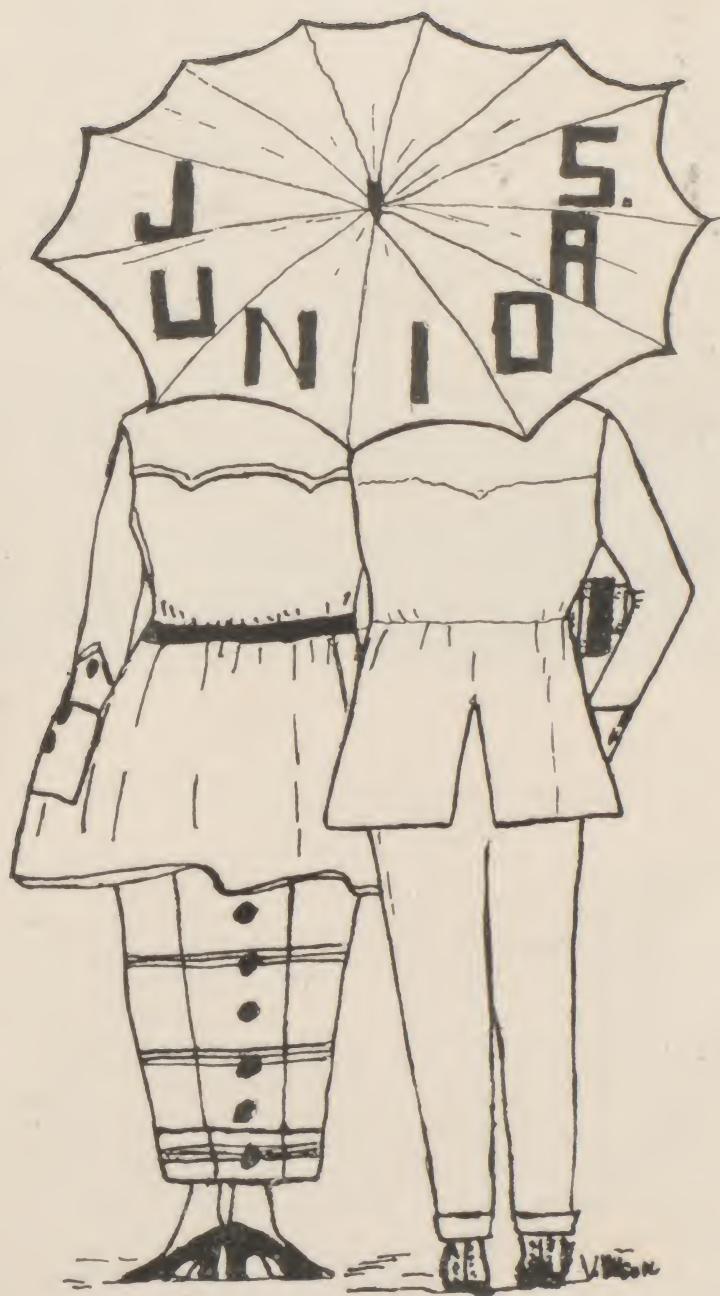
They called me down and gave me a breakfast of ham and eggs. Then they told me the way back to camp. I offered to pay them but they would not accept it. I was glad to leave and hurried back to camp.

Jack had come in the night before. They expected me to take care of myself but had at last decided to send a party to look for me. I told Jack of the night's adventures and described the place.

"It was Stony Creek Gulch. They must have been lumber thieves. I thought they were all gone but that was the home of the old gang." This was the men's idea.

I never found out what the men were talking about in the hut that night.







Junior Roll

Frances Ellis	Clara Huff
Helen Brightwell	John Maxwell
Allen Zimmer (Pres.)	Lorene Smith
Geneva Strief	Wallace Smith
Ethel Menart	Anthnel Olinger
Russell Whalen	Lorenza Kuntz
Louise Shelton	Lane Kendall
Lee Gladstein	Hazel Leach
Clara Biedenbach	Ruth Hall
Pearl Brenton	Ralph Laugel
Roy Christy	Fay Weidner
Frances Allhands	Henrietta Bere
Irene Parker	Nathaniel Isler
Dufficy Walker	Faith Royce
Ruth Baldwin	Marcella Malone
Vivian Wilson	Horace Leeper
Paul Ogden	Elizabeth Sauer
Virginia Sagebiel	Helen Dobbins



Junior Roll

Mabel Connor
 Richard Willey
 Jeanette Shrader
 Jas. Copeland
 Eleanor Créel
 Everett Fry
 Ralph Martin
 Vernia Christy
 Wm. Bunnell
 Mildred Stelter
 Hugh Meloy
 Jessie Snepp
 Catherine Finter
 Clifford Wilson
 Mildred Melville
 Cecil Lutz

Morris Floyd
 Mildred Dunlevy
 Millard Waggoner
 Merritt Curtiss
 Dorthea McIntyre
 Finley Isler
 Mary Scott
 Samuel Riggle
 Freda Kilgus
 Mabel Prather
 Orville Holmes
 Madeline Brasher
 Elinor Fry
 Robert Winter
 Lillian Ganote



MARION AND BILL



SOUTHEAST



NORTHERN BUNCH 810



OUR FLIVVER



WHO'S WHO'S



OLDEST
CASE
KNOWN



FREDIE'S
AND MARTIN







SOPHOMORE CLASS 1920



SOPHOMORE CLASS 1920

Sophomore Class Roll

Marvin Applegate
Oren Bellis
Lloyd Beck
Martin Borcherding
Barringer Catlin
Eugene Constantine
Burke Dorsey
Charles Fields
Edward Gibson
Walter Gibson
Maxwell Glaser
Thomas Horan
Fridolen Horlander
Jacob Kranz
Allen Kennedy
Chester Kopp
Albert Meranda
Fitch Morris
Sidney Myers
Edward O'Neil
Randall Payne
Jacob Payne
Charles Prinz
Frank Rager
Kenneth Rigsby
Arthur Royce
David Robbins
Orville Strauch
Ralph Sage
Craig Samuels
Tom Seward
Berthold Tetlay
Charles Tharp
Seabolt Varble

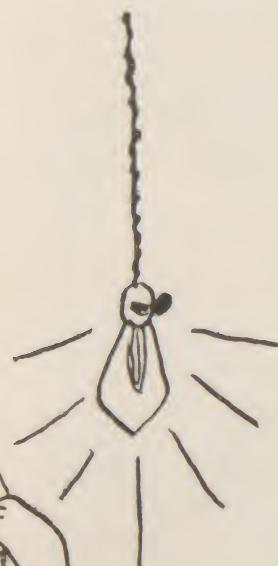
Ernest Groark
Marion Cochran
Louise Bowyer
Aleen Car
Glena Collier
Leona Columbus
Virginia Craig
Ruby Ditsler
Hazel Drake
Clara Deitz
Frances Ell
Kathryn Ford
Lydia V. Fuller
Marie Hedges
Luella Hitch
Morona Hutt
Anna Jacobs
Elizabeth Jacobs
Ruth Jacobs
Adeline Kennedy
Kathleen Mears
Hazel Morrow
Evelyn Pound
Gladys Priest
Ruth Redding
Elsie Redin
Alean Sellers
Edna Scott
Nettie Stewart
Alice Williams
Helen Williams
Mena Weber
Jane Worrall
Crystal Youngblood
Della Marie Zuerner



HOW CAN A FRESHMAN

GET HIS
LATIN?

By
Floyd
'23





FRESHMEN 1920.



FRESHMEN 1920.

Freshman Roll

Rozella Anson	Wm. Hancock	Norman Regan
Jas. Baker	Stanley Hanna	Richard Robinson
Edith Bastian	Glen Harrell	Catherine Roederer
Gladys Bartle	Joseph Hedge	Chester Resch
Floy Brown	Milton Heid	Everett Riggle
Edward Brown	Chas. Hendricks	Chester Roseberry
Myrtle Byers	Enoch Hilton	Alice Reilly
Leona Bryant	Orville Himmel	Jeanette Reilly
Clarence Beeson	Carl Hoover	Edna Rogers
George Bere	Hazel Haga	Bernice Roerk
Richard Bennett	Leona Howard	Norma Ruby
Mervin Botkins	Dorothy Howard	Marguerite Reed
Frances Canter	Herbert Howland	Louis Snider
Bertha Catlin	Sarah Hollowell	John Smith
Frances Combs	Margaret Huffman	Gilbert Smith
Floyd Christensen	Virginia Humphreys	Clifford Stemler
Homer Clegg	Maxine Hydron	Hubert Stewart
Chas. Cole	Mary C. Hay	Howard Storz
Wm. Cole	Arbuta Hawes	Park Strother
Ruth Coon	Blanche Isler	Sue Schaun
Florence Coyle	August Jones	Evelyn Sellers
Mary Cravens	Warnock Keigwin	Mary Scheer
Claribel Crum	Grace Levengood	Marguerite Schwaninger
Robert Cordill	Elsie Lewis	Margaret Schmidt
Wm. Everett Cox	Kathryn Lockwood	Dorothy Seward
Chas. Dugan	Frank Leach	Mary Louise Smith
Richard Dunlevy	Eugene Linney	Naomi Strauch
Bertha Deibel	Horace Lentz	Dorothy Swartz
Gilbert Donner	Annabelle Maloney	Florence Seward
Samuel Derry	Paul Martin	Naomi Stewart
Mildred Dellinger	Edw. Metzger	Louise Tempel
Vivian Denzler	Carl Miller	Wm. Thornley
Margaret Dinsmore	Edw. Mitchell	Elton Utley
Bertha Dismore	Earl Morrow	Ulysses Vernon
Flossie Eaken	Jas. Mullen	Richard Voigt
Irvin Edgerton	Kenneth McBride	Clara May Weber
Anna Mary Edwards	Montgomery McKee	Lucille Weir
Lucile Eich	Elizabeth Mahoney	Raymond Wilson
Louise Englehart	Edna Miller	Downs White
Harry Elliott	Nina Mull	Pauline Williams
Ernest Fischer	Clifton Norman	Carrie Woehrle
Wm. Floyd	Virginia Oliver	Thelma Woodfill
Virginia Ferguson	Cleona Parker	Donald Walker
Ruth Fitch	Robert Pass	John Warman
Viola Fitemaster	Gladys Pennington	Downs white
Aleene Glaser	Margaret Phipps	Carter White
Marvin Ganote	Frank Pinckley	Wm. White
Marvin Goodman	Virgie Prewitt	Roy Worrall
Cecil Haas	Wm. Rager	Dowling Zurschmeide



Mid-Year Freshmen

Kenneth Antz
Alvin Beck
Susie Beck
Louise Baird
Evelyn Barry
George Beeson
Mary Chapman
Raymond Cole
Graham Coleman
Sam Davis
Violet Davis
Zoe Davis
Virginia Dorsey
Louise Ditsler
Anna May Drake
Ellison Field
Louise Goodman

Chas. Goodwin
Araminta Hunt
Helen Lancaster
Nellie Lambert
Alvah Landwehr
Amelia Lee
Edith Mayfield
Kern Miles
Beatrice Mitchell
Lelia Metzger
Magdaline Newkirk
Louise Richardson
George Ruck
Evelyn Sagebeil
Walter Tetley
Forest Wenning
Dorothy Wilson

ORGANIZATIONS

ORCHESTRA

HAWAIIAN
ORCHESTRA

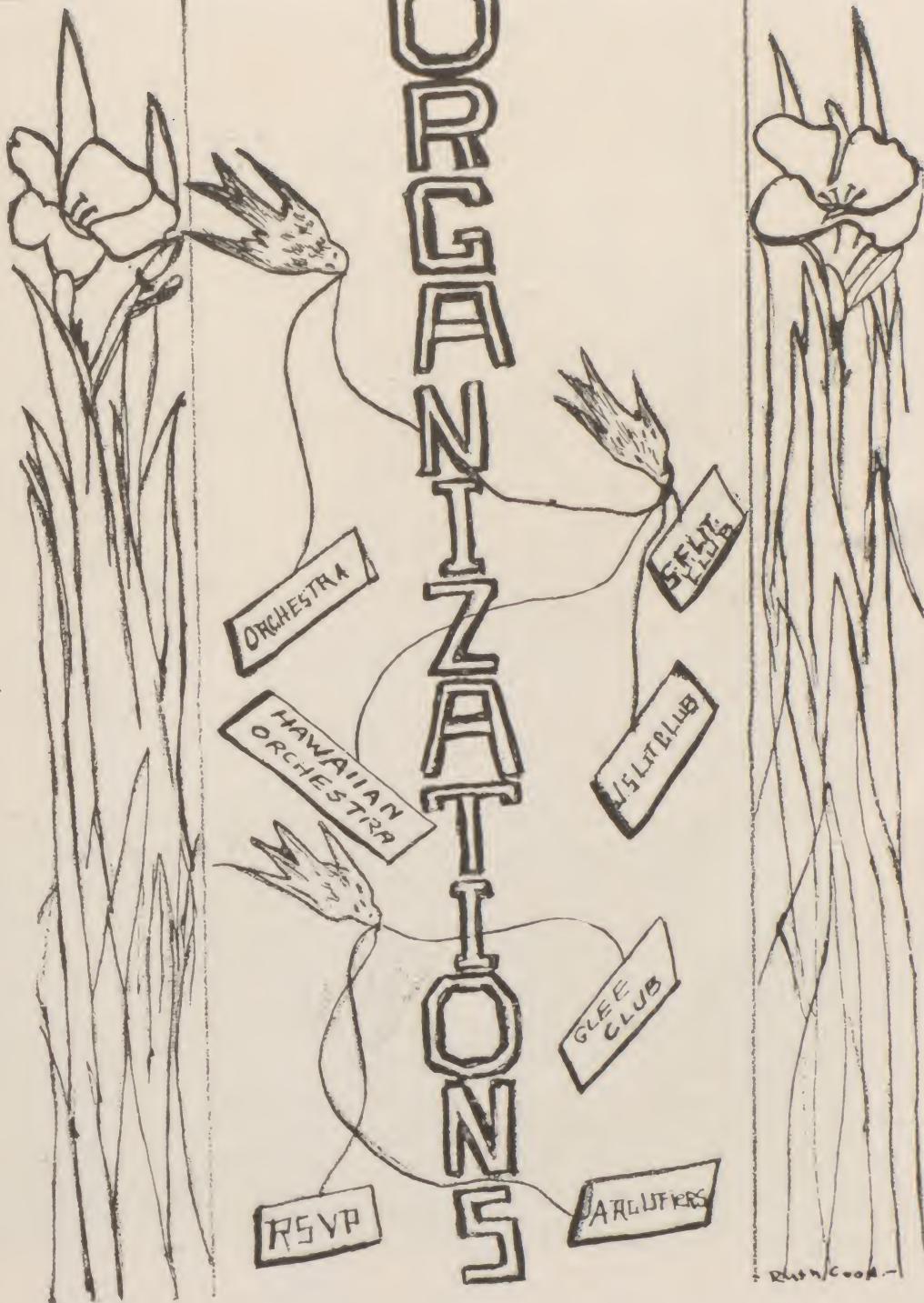
RSVP

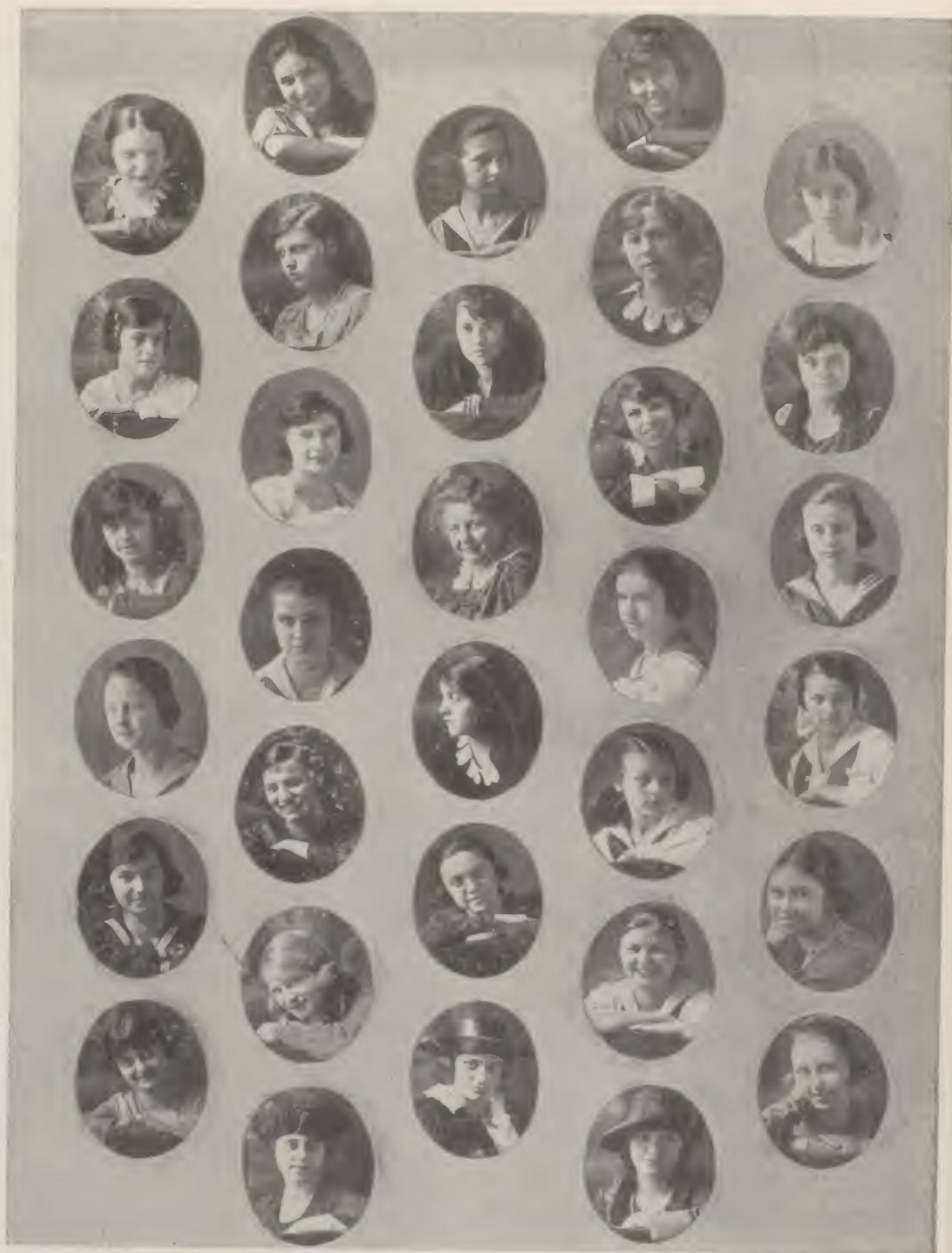
SELLS
SELLS

LISTING

GLEE
CLUB

JARLUFERS





R. S. V. P.

Ruth Bottorff
Helen Brightwell (Pres.)
Bertha Catlin
Evelyn Coleman (Sec'y.)
Glena Collier
Mabel Connor
Virginia Craig
Margaret Dinsmore
Clara Duitz
Mildred Dunlevy
Viola Fitemaster
Clara Huff
Dorothy Howard
Grace Levengood
Kathleen Mears

Cleon Parker
Margaret Phipps
Elizabeth Sauer (V.-Pres.)
Sue Schaun
Edna Scott
Margaret Schwaninger
Louise Shelton
Jessie Snepp
Lillian Tempel
Louise Tempel
Mary Thro
Mena Weber
Alice Williams
Helen Williams (Treas.)
Pauline Williams



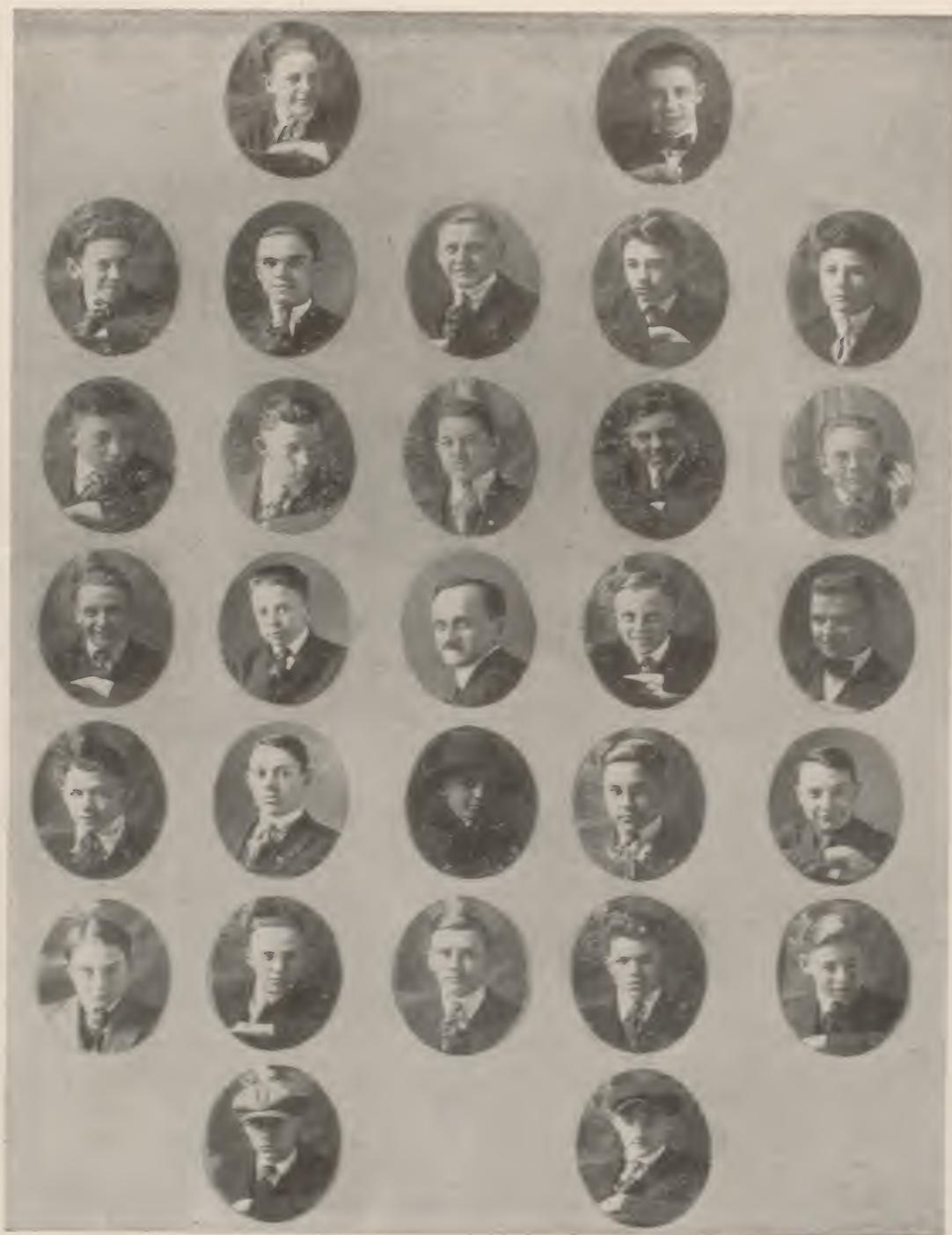
On Wednesday, October 5, 1919, a number of girls met with Miss Craig for the purpose of reorganizing the R. S. V. P., which is a girls' debating society. The number of members far exceeded that of the previous year, the total number of members enrolled this year being forty-two.

At every meeting an interesting and instructive debate was given. The most important questions of the day were discussed by the members of the organization, all of whom were very much interested in the work.

Our organization has advanced not only in numbers but also in the speaking ability of its members. Two representatives from the R. S. V. P. defeated the strong and well known Argufiers debating team. The girls who won such an honor for us are Jessie Snepp and Helen Brightwell.

A very attractive pin has been chosen by the members of the R. S. V. P. to represent the organization. These pins are made of silver and have the initials of the club engraved on them.

We sincerely hope that next year the R. S. V. P. may advance as much as it did this year and continue to do so in the future as long as such an organization may last.



Argufiers

George Bere	Ralph Laugel (V.-Pres.)
Raymond Bonifer	Kern Miles
Charles Cole	Paul Martin (Sec'y.)
William Cole	Hugh Meloy
Robert Cordill	Ralph Martin
Graham Coleman	Albert Meranda
James Duffy	Martin Nahstoll (Pres.)
Earl Dunlevy (Sgt. at Arms)	Kenneth Rigsby
Walter Gibson	Craig Samuels
Lee Gladstein	Ralph Schwaninger
Amos C. Henry (Sponsor)	Paul Scull
Earl Hodson	Forrest Thomas
August Jones	Clifford Wilson
Lane Kendall (Treas.)	Raymond Wilson
William Laidly	Richard Voigt
Culmer Lentz	



Another successful year has been added to the Argufiers' record. At the beginning of the season the club promised to be the largest ever known. During the year it lost several of its older members and now has a membership of thirty. Mr. Hodson of '20, held the president's office in the first semester, and at present Mr. Nahstoll, also of '20, is capably filling it. Recently the club met with a great sorrow when the R. S. V. P. defeated the boys' team for the first time in history in their annual debate. Later Mr. Nahstoll won the right to represent the school in the state discussion contest.

Mr. Hodson entertained the club at his home in January. The party was voted a huge success. The club is planning two more parties before the end of the year.

The Argufiers are fortunate in having with them Mr. Henry as sponsor. He has helped the club through a very busy season. A large underclass membership promises a strong club for next year.



Junior-Senior English Club

Seniors—

Lois Beeson
Alma Beyl
Ruth Bottorff
Evelyn Coleman
Irene Collier
Helen Hieatt
Margaret Kenny
Madeline Rager
Hazel Reynolds
Ruth Sage
Ruth Sagebiel
Marguerite Smith
Lillian Tempel
Mary Thro

Juniors—

Ruth Baldwin
Henrietta Bere
Helen Brightwell
Mildred Dunlevy
Elinor Fry
Lillian Ganote
Clara Huff
Lorene Kuntz
Marcella Malone
Dorothea McIntyre
Mabel Prather
Elizabeth Sauer
Mary Scott
Jessie Snepp
Vivian Wilson



The Junior-Senior English Club was reorganized October 9, 1919, with a membership of twenty-nine girls, fifteen Juniors and fourteen Seniors. Since then the club has met regularly every two weeks in Room 16 and has done some interesting work studying current poetry. Among the poems read were many written by heroes of the war, who presented us very interesting pictures of life in the trenches. The program committee always made it a point to have a program appropriate to the time of year—Thanksgiving, Christmas, etc.

One of the chief aims of the Club has been the support of a French orphan. In carrying out this aim we are indebted to former members, many of whom contributed to our fund. We also wish to thank all those who have donated by dropping money in the bank on Miss Voigt's desk.

We lost our first orphan, Rene Gaudin, through the marriage of his mother to her brother-in-law, and have now adopted another little boy, Jean Cesbron. We were sorry to lose Rene but intend to keep in touch with him and his sister, Victorine. However, we know we will think as much of our new orphan.

Altogether the Club has had many good times this year in our jolly meetings and wish to thank heartily Miss Funk for her kindness in sponsoring our delightful club.



Sophomore-Freshman Literary Club

Dorothy Howard	Louise Tempel
Elizabeth Mahoney	Norma Ruby
Kathleen Mears (Treas.)	Susie Beck
Virginia Oliver	Amelia L. Lee
Ruth Redding	Louise Goodman
Naomi Strauch	Anna May Drake
Dorothy Seward	Frances Canter
Marguerite Schwaninger (V.-Pres.)	Glena Collier
Edna Scott (Pres.)	Claribel Crum
Dorothy Swartz	Clara Duitz
Mena Weber	Aleen Glaser
Alice Williams	Lucille Eich (Sec'y.)



The Sophomore-Freshman Literary Club was reorganized this year by our sponsor, Miss Craig.

Our Club meets every two weeks in Room 17. Our meetings have been splendid and we have had many good times together. At each meeting the roll call is answered by anecdotes. Then after all business matters are discussed, we have a very interesting program.. This is not only for pleasure, but it also teaches one to talk before a crowd of people.

We hope the club of future years will take an interest and love it as we have.

Hawaiian Orchestra

The Hawaiian Orchestra of Jeffersonville High School holds a high place among the organizations of the school. It was founded and built up by Miss Repine, who is our instructor. The chief credit for its excellence is due to her.

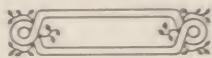
This organization plays selections of most popular music, these being rendered in a splendid manner. The orchestra played at several receptions, at the Library Story Hour, and also in general assembly. It achieved its real praise of its career, however, in its appearance before the assembly. The development of the orchestra has been wonderful, and it is now one of the most capable organizations of the school. The personnel is as follows: Guitar, Vivian Wilson; ukuleles, Katherine Fenter, Helen Brightwell, Dorothy Wilson, Ruth Baldwin, Della Zuerner, Evelyn Coleman; banjuke, Irwin Crum.



Glee Club

This club is enjoying the best year of its existence in High School. The Glee Club formerly was composed only of girls, then boys were admitted and one-eighth of a credit given for the work. The membership at present is about one-third of the entire school which is a very good showing, especially with the boys. They are doing their part by upholding the bass and tenor. The club meets with Miss Repine, every Tuesday morning in the auditorium and much is accomplished. Many classics by world-famed composers are sung in a very creditable manner. Because of this the Glee Club is called upon quite often to sing at special entertainments or anywhere that good music is wanted. On Good Friday the club accompanied the orchestra to the Dream Theatre to furnish the music for the special church service. They also took part in a cantata given by Departmental. This form of school activity presents an excellent opportunity for students to earn part of a credit while they are training their voices and enjoying themselves so we are safe in predicting a great future for the Glee Club.

The octette is composed of eight members of the club. These people are also called upon to sing on many occasions. They, too, have done good work this year.



The Orchestra

The success of the high school orchestra is just one of the many ways of measuring the success of the school as a whole. It can be said that the orchestra has had one of the most successful seasons for many years.

Although it got off to a late start and was hindered by a lack of some instruments, especially violins, by the end of the year it will be an orchestra that the school can be proud of. The violin section was considerably strengthened by a few players from other schools. With their coming the orchestra was made a well balanced organization.

The orchestra played before the assembly one morning and was favorably received. It also played at the Dream Theatre on Good Friday afternoon. The departure of James Copeland in April left a position vacant that will be hard to fill, but he will be back next year. The orchestra loses Miss Lois Beeson, the pianist, this year by graduation. Her leaving will be keenly felt as she has been the pianist for four years. The success of the orchestra is due in a large measure to the directing of Miss Regine.

Lois Beeson, piano; Virginia Lee Brightwell, violin; Aileen Carr, violin; Dorothy Wilson, violin; Paul Lampton, violin; Elsie Weber, violin; Dorothy Kuniz, violin; James Copeland, saxophone; George Beeson, cornet; Hugh Meloy, melaphone; Lee Gladstein, melaphone; Allan Zimmer, bass violin.



FIRST AID



VOLLEY BALL



MR. STEMLER



HEY! FELLERS!



PETE



SCOTTY AND RALPH



GIN AND ZIM

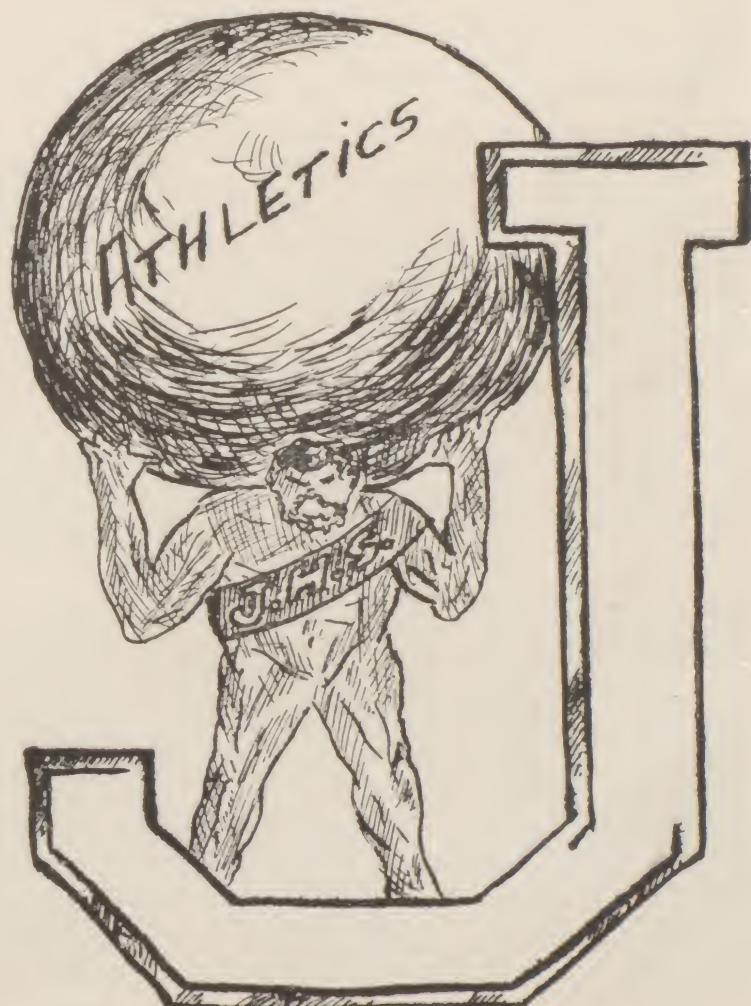


PETE AND EDNA



YE HOMIN TOWN

HIGH SCHOOL
SUPPORTS
ATHLETICS



-AWN KRAIG -



VARSITY BASKET BALL.

Howard, C.
Coll, F.
Catlin, G.

O'Neil, F. (Capt.)
A. C. Henry,
Athletic Director

Myers, F.
Royce, F.
Winter, G.

Our Basketball Team

We have closed one of the most successful basketball seasons the Jeffersonville High School has ever known. Our team consisted of Edward O'Neil, Sid Myers, Arthur Royce and Reilly Coll, forwards; Paul Howard, center, and Robert Winter and Barringer Catlin, guards. The season closed with two great victories over the Apollo Cade's, a local and strong team which has defeated some of the best secondary aggregations around the Falls Cities. Although our team was not composed of men of very big stature, they were always "there" in some way or other as their record indicates. They played twenty-six games in all, winning eighteen of them and losing eight. Out of the eight defeats the High School team received only two at home, being defeated by two of the strongest teams in this part of the state, Scottsburg and Seymour. At the tournament at Evansville they established an excellent record, winning the first two games but losing the third after two hard battles the evening before. It was a great surprise to all athletic followers at Evansville when our outfit went down in defeat. Among our many victories we have four against Louisville teams, which in recent years we were not able to compete with. They have been able to do this partly through the coaching and careful guiding of Mr. Stringe ('17), a former high school student of J. H. S., star football player of the famous team of '15, as well as a star basketball player. We appreciate the work Mr. Stringe has done for our team. We have also had two fine and loyal supporters at the head of the team this year, Mr. Clark and Mr. Henry.

The basketball team has established a reputation away from home as well as at home. The proceeds from this year's games were used to buy sweaters for the players and new uniforms.

The team loses this season two good men, Howard, the center, and Coll, forward. But we hope to open next season with just as good a team as we have had this season if not a better one.

OUR VICTORIES.

- J. H. S., 29—Penn. Clerks, 17.
- J. H. S., 40—Henryville, 11.
- J. H. S., 32—Corydon, 21.
- J. H. S., 30—Purdue Students, 3.
- J. H. S., 32—Lou. Y. M. C. A., 21
- J. H. S., 43—St. X., 21.
- J. H. S., 36—Corydon, 20.
- J. H. S., 34—Milltown, 8.
- J. H. S., 24—Lou. Manual High, 23.
- J. H. S., 28—Salem, 25.
- J. H. S., 21—Lou. Manual, 16.
- J. H. S., 30—Madison, 29.
- J. H. S., 30—St. X., 17.
- J. H. S., 49—Lou. Y. M. C. A., 11.
- J. H. S., 19—New Harmony, 10 (Evansville).
- J. H. S., 25—Booneville, 16 (Evansville).
- J. H. S., 26—Apollo Cadets, 16.
- J. H. S., 20—Apollo Cadets, 12.

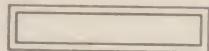
DEFEATS.

- J. H. S., 15—Salem, 33.
- J. H. S., 12—Milltown, 16.
- J. H. S., 11—Seymour 71.
- J. H. S., 10—Scottsburg, 63.
- J. H. S., 14—Madison, 79.
- J. H. S., 9—Scottsburg, 37.
- J. H. S., 17—Seymour, 30.
- J. H. S., 8—Spurgeon 24 (Evansville).

Individual Point Making—O'Neil, 214; Myers, 169; Howard, 94; Catlin, 30; Winters, 16; Coll, 12; Royce, 12.



Henry, Coach; Bunnell, Warner, Tharp, Laidly, Rager, Catlin, Pease, Christy, Baker, Royce, Thomas, O'Neil, Captain; Stewart, Mascot; Myers and Stemler.



Baseball

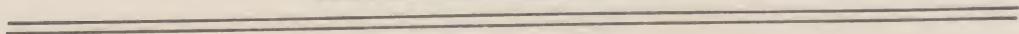
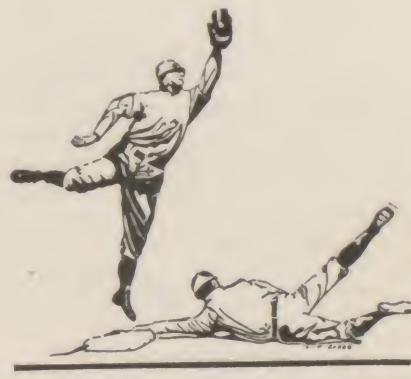
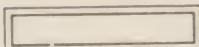
The prospects are good for a winning baseball team this year, although Jeff. High has had no team since 1916 to develop material. Members of all Classes in school responded to the call for players made by Mr. Henry. Bad weather prevented many good practices but a team was picked which we hope will win some victories for the school. The bakery grounds near the Eastern Cemetery were taken over for practices and some games. The team plans to have at least one game at Glenwood Park and that probably will be on May 21, school picnic day. The Motor Transport men, stationed at the Quartermaster Depot, have aided the fellows a great deal by giving them practice games about once a week. On account of the advance in prices of uniforms the team cannot procure them this year but probably will have them next year. At a meeting of the team a few weeks ago, "Eddie" O'Neil was elected captain of the nine. The schedule is as follows:

April 23—St. Xavier.
May 4—Manual.
May 7—Charlestown.
May 11—Manual.
May 15—Charlestown.
May 21—St. Xavier. Faculty City Schools.



SENIORS.

Schwaninger, Swartz, Zurschmeide, Pease, Thomas, Hodson, Capt.





JUNIORS.

Waggoner, Smith, Holmes, Meloy, Ogden, Bunnell, Capt.



SOPHOMORES.

Kennedy, Robbins, Cochran, N. Gibson, Rager, Capt.; W. Gibson, Strauch, Tharpe.

Class Tournament

The Class games this year proved to be a big success. No tournament had been held since 1918 (when the Seniors were triumphant), so that everyone was ready to enjoy some real basketball games. They were delayed somewhat by circumstances which arose from time to time but when the games finally opened, all the Classes had good teams in the race. First team men were barred from Class teams because the real purpose of Class games is to develop varsity material. This weakened some of the quintets as the Sophs had four members on the first team but it is certain that good material was formed to help out next year's squad. The first round opened with Seniors vs. Juniors and Sophomores vs. Freshmen and the tournament ended the same way, the Juniors and Seniors playing off the tie for first place. All the games were very exciting, displaying lots of "pep" and Class spirit and no team had victory cinched therefore the Juniors deserve extra credit for their victory. The Sophs, however, staged a wonderful "comeback" their last three games and if the schedule had been longer would probably have made a hard fight for the championship. The results of the games were as follows:

Juniors 11—Seniors 6. Juniors 16—Freshmen 10.

Freshmen 21—Sophs 22. Sophs 19—Seniors 9.

Seniors 18—Sophs 14. Seniors 15—Freshmen 6.

Freshmen 18—Juniors 17. Sophs 10—Juniors 4.

Seniors 23—Freshmen 17. Sophs 20—Freshmen 6.

Juniors 18—Sophs 12. Juniors 28—Seniors 8.

All Class team:

Forwards—Baker, Freshmen; Waggoner, Juniors.

Center—Pease, Seniors.

Guards—Holmes, Juniors; Hodson, Seniors.

Utility—Kennedy, Sophomores.

Track

There was no outdoor spring track meet this year, but in early March a small Track Team was formed to take part in the indoor track meet at the Louisville Armory on the 20th of the month. This meet is an annual affair held under the auspices of the Louisville A. A. F., but on account of the war a meet had not been held since 1917. Schools, colleges, and Athletic Clubs from all over the country were represented, among them Yale, Princeton, Pennsylvania, Cincinnati Gym and Y. M. C. A. besides the local institutions and Kentucky Colleges. The Louisville Y. M. H. A. kindly allowed us the use of their gym for certain hours of the day and Mr. Henry succeeded in forming a team which after two weeks practice was entered as follows: Dufficy Walker, 80 yard dash (open); Kenneth Rigsby, 75 yard dash (high school); Charles Cole, Warnock Keigwin, Irvin Edgerton, 220 yard dash (high school); Earl Hodson, Dufficy Walker, Frank Rager and Charles Pease, relay (high school). The boys did not win any honors on account of lack of practice but the school admires them just the same for the spirit displayed in entering the meet. Our motto is, "Do better next time."

• OUR GLADIATORS •



APE



KANGAROO



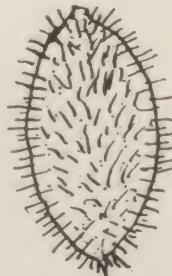
BARREL



PICK



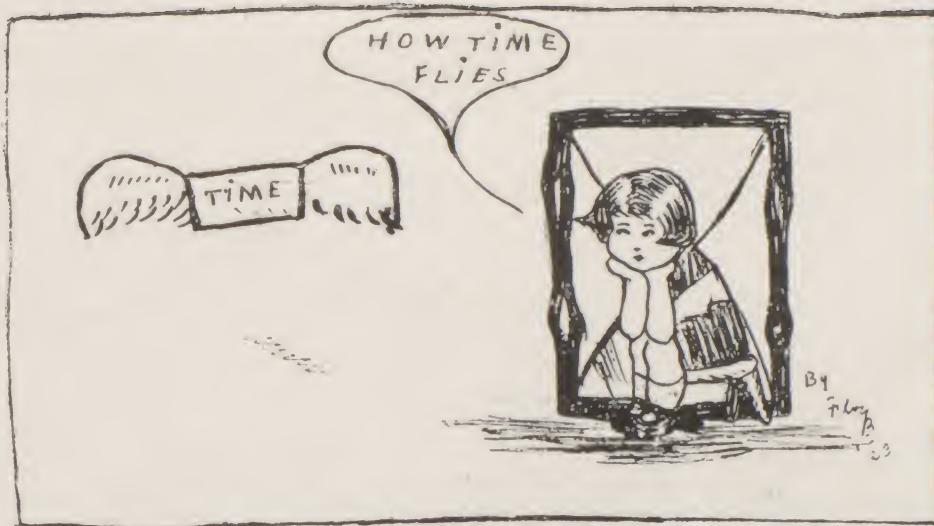
IRISHMAN



BURR



GOB
EAH



School Calendar

Sept. 8—School for the first time.
Sept. 9—Everyone getting his or her schedule made.
Sept. 10—Pupils adapting themselves to new teachers and their ways.
Sept. 11—Miss Voigt announces startling news of having a hundred and fifty Freshmen. We beat New Albany in this.
Sept. 12—First week has passed successfully. Things are running smoothly.
Sept. 15—Freshmen are beginning to see their way through dense fog.
Sept. 16—Miss Repine greets us at assembly period with, "Number forty-six, please."
Sept. 17—Mr. Taylor gives address on, "Ten Points to Test a Gentleman." A test that is good for all. First music and art classes.
Sept. 18—Glee Club organized under leader, Miss Repine.
Sept. 19—The last day allowed for sponging.
Sept. 22—Now comes the work that has been waiting gallantly for us the last two weeks.
Sept. 24—First meeting of Argufiers.
Sept. 25—"If you and your girl want to get in on the banquet, join next meeting."
Sept. 26—School entertained with piano solos.
Sept. 29—Freshmen are out of fog.
Oct. 1—Junior-Senior English Club organized with Miss Funk as sponsor.
Oct. 2—Miss Repine has us ready for visitor who doesn't come.
Oct. 6—First day of test week. "Bring pen and ink to class tomorrow" is a familiar command.
Oct. 7—Riley's birthday. Celebration postponed because of music.
Oct. 8—Miss Voigt gives interesting talk on "Some ways to prevent fires."
Oct. 9—Organization of Sophomore-Freshmen Literary Club.
Oct. 10—Senior Class gives very fitting program for the celebration of Riley's birthday.
Oct. 13—Boys' Booster Club organized. R. S. V. P. organized.
Oct. 16—One session, first of season. One thing that is always in style.
Oct. 17—Interesting talk by Miss Voigt. Piano solo at general assembly. First Topic Staff meeting. Tests are over.

Oct. 20—First day of second six weeks. Informed that J. H. S. has some more new Freshmen.

Oct. 21—"If you have tears prepare to shed them now." Report cards tomorrow.

Oct. 22—Junior and Freshmen Class meetings.

Oct. 23—Two Freshmen have to stand in front of assembling for talking.

Oct. 24—J. S. English Club gives interesting Halloween program at general assembly.

Oct. 27—Rev. Reid gives interesting talk on "Newfoundland."

Oct. 28—Pupils are greeted with "School closes this afternoon for three holidays."

Nov. 3—Back to work again. Interesting talk by native Japanese.

Nov. 4—Everything running nicely.

Nov. 5—Informed that it is better English week.

Nov. 6—D. S. Class sell doughnuts.

Nov. 7—Miss Voigt compliments school on singing.

Nov. 10—One session.

Nov. 11—Armistice Day. Half-holiday. Pupils play hooky for about twenty minutes to see airplane.

Nov. 12—Pupils are relieved to know they do not have to sit in assembly all day for going to see the airplane.

Nov. 13—The Physics class feels relieved when Miss Abel tells them the test grades are better this time than last month.

Nov. 14—Junior Class presents school with "Year Book" to encyclopaedia. First yell practice.

Nov. 17—Lester Leach loses his overcoat. "Bill, this is Monday."

Nov. 18—Fine orchestra practise.

Nov. 19—Girls prove how weak their voices are at yell practice. Lecture by State High School Inspector.

Nov. 20—Miss Nahstoll kept busy waking sleeping beauties.

Nov. 21—Members of Topic Staff give interesting talks about Topic. J. H. S. defeats Pan-Handle Clerks.

Nov. 24—Lee Gladstein proves himself to be a second Hercules in Physics class.

Nov. 25—One session.

Nov. 26—First issue of Topic out. Two holidays for Thanksgiving.

Dec. 1—Back to work again. Meeting of Athletic Association.

Dec. 2—Miss Taggart absent because of death of her grandfather.

Dec. 3—Report cards again. Pupils resolve to work harder from now on.

Dec. 4—Hawaiian orchestra entertains school at general assembly.

Dec. 5—Informed that beginning Monday, noon-hour will be cut shorter and we will get out at 3:08 instead of 3:42.

Dec. 8—Rev. Scull gives interesting talk in interest of sale of Red Cross Seals.

Dec. 9—Seniors receive Class pins.

Dec. 10—Noon-hour shortened still more.

Dec. 11—Domestic Science class serves soup.

Dec. 12—Gray skies instead of blue.

Dec. 15—Pupils begin to get holiday spirit and neglect lessons.

Dec. 16—Miss Frank absent because of death of her father.

Dec. 17—Domestic Science class serves sandwiches.

Dec. 18—Glee Club practise.

Dec. 19—School closes half-day because of death of member of school board, Mr. David Cork.

Dec. 22—Wm. Laidly gives an interesting talk about game between Seymour and Jeffersonville.

Dec. 23—Sophomore-Freshmen Literary Club gives nice Christmas program. Second issue of Topic out.

Jan. 5—Back to work again. Pupils make New Year Resolutions.

Jan. 6—Mr. Taylor compliments school on singing.

Jan. 7—J. H. S. defeats St. X.

Jan. 8—Kenneth Applegate on time.

Jan. 10—J. H. S. defeats Corydon.

Jan. 12—Pupils become very studious. Week for final examinations.

Jan. 13—Miss Mary Scott and Miss Eleanor Creel awarded prizes for selling Red Cross Seals.

Jan. 14—Pupils begin worrying over program.

Jan. 15—Printing press arrives. Mr. Taylor calls for volunteers to bring it in and has more than he can use.

Jan. 16—Last day of first semester. Everybody worried.

Jan. 19—Many pupils pleading for credits. Tears.

Jan. 20—New Freshmen arrive. Many of former friends return to take post-graduate courses.

Jan. 21—Everything runs smoothly.

Jan. 22—One session. Everyone stays eighth hour.

Jan. 23—One session again. Freshmen change session room to Room 12.

Jan. 26—Typewriters arrive. Class has first lesson in typewriting.

Jan. 27—Chorus postponed until Room 13 is remodeled.

Jan. 28—Many pupils sent home for report cards.

Jan. 29—First series of class games. Juniors defeat Seniors and Freshmen defeat Sophomores.

Jan. 30—Seven pupils awarded scholarship pins, three of which go to Seniors. Interesting debate given by Argufiers.

Feb. 2—Seniors' class room changed all around. Seniors act as green as "Freshies" in finding their seats.

Feb. 3—J. H. S. defeats Manual High School.

Feb. 4—Many pupils remain until 3:42 for being late to assembly.

Feb. 5—Second series of Class games. Freshmen defeat Juniors. Seniors defeat Sophomores.

Feb. 6—Paul Howard gets to school on time.

Feb. 7—J. H. S. defeats Madison.

Feb. 9—Best yelling ever done.

Feb. 10—Mr. Henry absent from school.

Feb. 11—Mr. Beeson gives interesting talk in behalf of Boy Scouts. J. H. S. defeats St. X.

Feb. 12—War started on chewing gum again.

Feb. 13—War also started on "Memory Books." Valentine issue of Topic cut.

Feb. 16—Two teachers and janitor on absent list.

Feb. 17—Miss Dubel runs glass tube through her hand.

Feb. 18—Mr. Henry back. Senior Class meeting.

Feb. 19—Hubert Stewart appointed yell leader. Seniors defeat Freshmen. Juniors defeat Sophomores.

Feb. 20—What happened last night? Everyone is sleepy today.

Feb. 21—Scottsburg defeats J. H. S.

Feb. 23—Oh boy, oh joy! Half-holiday——? No!

Feb. 24—War begun on notes.

Feb. 25—Oh that terrible Physics test. Miss Abel's conscience need not hurt her about this test being too easy.

Feb. 26—Class games. Juniors defeat Freshmen. Sophomores defeat Seniors.

Feb. 27—Miss Nahstoll prefers Miss Craig's lunch to her own.

Feb. 28—Seymour defeats J. H. S.

Mar. 1—Miss Luther objects to having her picture taken without the men.

Mar. 2—Everyone studying hard.

Mar. 3—"Freshmen put those character looks away." Report cards for first six weeks of second semester. Boys leave for Evansville for Basketball Tournament.

Mar. 5—R. S. V. P. defeats Argufiers in debate. J. H. S. defeats New Harmony.

Mar. 8—Mr. Clark tells about Basketball Tournament at Evansville.
Mar. 9—Mr. Mitchell of Indianapolis gives a reading of "Merchant of Venice."
Mar. 10—Boys begin to practise at Y. M. H. A. for track team.
Mar. 11—Orchestra entertains school.
Mar. 12—Poor "Spooky" yells until he is hoarse.
Mar. 15—Some pupils like school so well they come at 7:30 A. M.
Mar. 16—Everything is calm and placid at J. H. S.
Mar. 17—"Resolved that we will study two subjects at home every night."
Mar. 18—Miss Abel absent from school.
Mar. 19—Virginia Reynolds back to school after six weeks absence.
Mar. 24—Begin making track for boys.
Mar. 25—Fire-drill. Clear building in less than one minute.
Mar. 26—Miss Lois Beeson and Miss Anna Jacobs favor us with piano solos.
Mar. 29—Miss Nahstoll absent. Seniors have pictures taken.
Mar. 30—"Craig, dark glasses are becoming."
Mar. 31—J. H. S. defeats Apollo Cadets.
April 1—April Fool.
April 2—School dismissed half day in observance of "Good Friday."
April 5—Janitor oversleeps. Consequence is pupils play "freeze-out" all day.
April 6—Mr. Clark accepts another position. First chorus work this semester.
April 7—Enoch Hilton appears in long trousers! Tears, idle tears!
April 8—Everybody working to get material for "Annual" in. Finish taking pictures for "Annual."
April 9—Use auditorium for first time. Superintendent McCullum gives short interesting talk.
April 12—Dedication of auditorium. Rev. Scull gives interesting talk. "Annual" Tags out.
April 13—First Chorus this semester.
April 14—I wonder what the Seniors are so happy over?
April 15—Report cards.
April 16—What a shock—Mary Thro is on time.
April 19—Rev. Winter gives a most interesting talk.
April 20—Cloud-burst. One session.
April 21—"Louis how do you pronounce 'bureau'?"
April 22—Ken's "lizzie" is larger than any one else's. It will hold fourteen people.
April 23—"Of course, it AIN'T right, Ralph."
April 26—Leland Brookbank almost gets to school on time.
April 27—Powder puffs popular in halls.
April 28—Rule for rest of school year—More work and less play.
April 29—Several cases begin to appear again. Seniors take underclassmen.
April 30—Seniors have unusually good lessons.
May 3—Somewhat inclined to have spring fever.
May 4—Improving in singing day by day.
May 5—Freshies pattern after Seniors by forgetting excuses. (Careful, Freshmen, you haven't been here four years yet).
May 6—Rain and then some more rain.
May 10—Horrors! Help! Final Examinations! ! ! !
May 11—Why do some pupils look so down-hearted?
May 12—Juniors unusually noisy.
May 13—Everyone very busy pleading for credits.
May 14—Exams over.
May 17—Senior Picnic.
May 18—Junior-Senior Reception.
May 19—Argufier's Banquet.
May 20—Commencement.
May 21—School Picnic.

The Juniors

We are the Class of Twenty-One,
The best one in our school;
We can't be beat by anyone,
And never break a rule.

They call us the real students,
We serve our teachers best;
And don't say, "I can't" or "couldn't,"
But, "I'll try" or just say "Yes."

No matter what the contest,
The Juniors always win;
The others know it's useless,
As soon as we begin.

We're called "the cream of high school,"
Oh, yes that is our name;
No matter how much trouble,
We'll live up to our fame.

So when you hear of Twenty-One,
Remember that's the Class;
That, among the brilliant four,
Could never be surpassed.

PEARL BRENTON, Class '21.

Class '22

I aint gonna go to braggin' none,
Er puffin' up like a parson's son,
But here's something jest 'tween me 'n' you
Bout 'at 'ere Class, Nineteen Twenty-Two.
And I jist want to tell ye 'at
They're worth more gold 'n ye c'n shake a stick at.

Athletes! Have they? Well I should smile
Got all the other classes skinned a mile,
The pigskin warriors of green 'n' gold
Basketball players 'n' track men bold,
Come out on top fer the spirit's there
For school 'n' class honor to do 'n' dare
Got scholars? Well I say
Ye aught to be 'round 'n' see the way
Them students learn their lessons—well
Guess they ain't much use fer me to tell
'Cause you know muches 'n' maybe more.
But I jest want to tell ye 'fore
I go,—jist paste this in yer hat—
They got more good 'n' ye C'n shake a stick at.

But this is jist 'tween me 'n' you
They ain't no braggarts in '22
Why they got a roll like a regiment
At ain't been up to the front line yet;
Nobody drops from the Sophomore's books,
'N' when a teacher er athlete looks
Fer support; you know the second class
Holds up its end of all such tasks.
Why they ain't no class in the country 'round
Er foreign classes on foreign ground
'At c'n hold a candle to '22
When it comes to loyalty er hearts beatin' true,—
They got soft heads, the Freshies cry,
But the mushy part is carried high
Our hearts are soft, too, but our muscles are'nt
'N' any Soph in school I warrant,
Will prove to you, till you'r black 'n' blue
'At 'ere's lots of good in old '22.

The Freshman Class

We came from out in the country, from township and city schools,
We came to dear old J. H. S. to love and obey its rules,
We were small, and timid, and bashful, as all new Freshmen are,
But each with determination the school's record he'd not mar.

We know nothing of the program, or the course we should take,
We were afraid to ask a question, for fear we'd make a mistake,
But soon our fears all vanished, and we then felt quite at ease,
And paid not the slightest attention, to those who tried to tease.

We been in school almost a year, and we're high Freshmen now,
And although the upper-classmen to us do not make a bow;
We hope that they like us and to this one thing they'll all agree,
That high school couldn't get along without Class Twenty-Three.

BERTHA DISMORE, Class '23.



FRANK RAGER

AN OLD CHARACTER BOOK.

One afternoon as I wandered around in the attic, I found an old book which was quite worn. I wondered where it could have come from and it finally dawned upon me that it was that famous old character book which I had had when a Freshman,—one of those character books which high school pupils insist upon circulating. The most amusing page to me was one entitled, "What Is Your Highest Ambition?" As I read it I was astonished to see how closely my schoolmates had followed their ambition formed many years before. These are only a few of the things which I read:

"To convince a jury that black is white."—Albert Meranda.

"I'll be satisfied when I can have a suit for every day in the week."—Ken Applegate.

"My ambition? Why, he's in our class."—Hazel Miles.

"To make twenty baskets against the Apollo Cadets."—Paul Howard.

"What's the use? I've been offered a position as victrola record maker."—Emma Jean Holmes.

"Don't wake me up."—B. B. Brookbanks.

This more than any other brought back a picture of High School life and I smiled as I pictured "B. B." sleeping in room 13.

To teach the primary."—Alma Beyl.

"Just so I get him."—Virginia Reynolds.

"To help her make a living for me."

Two hearts that beat as one, thought I as I read.

"Wouldn't it be grand if I could be a comic opera star?"—Allen Zimmer.

"To build up a name only second to Milton and Shakespeare."—Mary Thro.

"A girl with my good looks doesn't need any ambitions."—Lillian Phumpfry.

"I don't know. Which girl do you like best?"—Morris Floyd.

"To become a farmer's wife."—Mary Louise Coots.

"To live until the Annual comes out. I don't expect to live longer."—Martin Nahstell.

"To get to school on time."—Nellie Hearsey.

"Same here."—Paul Scull.

"Just striking out twenty-seven men in nine innings will satisfy me."—Charles Pease.

"To get 101 per cent. on a Latin test."—Bob Winters.

"To be as quiet as Fay Harris."—Ruth Bottorff.

I at last noticed that it was getting so dark I could hardly see to read, so I hurried to put the other books, which I had scattered around, away when I found a copy of the "1920" Annual. I took them down stairs with me and put them in a convenient place where I might be able to get them when I had more time to read.

—CRUMY.

A BIT MIXED.

One day a new pupil in a music settlement school came home and asked:

"Mother, how many carrots are there in a bushel? Teacher wants to know?"

"What?" answered the mother. "What has that to do with music?"

"I don't know," replied the child.

The next day the mother went to the music school to inquire what kind of music her child was being taught.

The teacher laughed and said: "Well, that is hardly correct, madam. What we asked your child was how many beats there were in a measure."

DO WE NEED GRAMMAR IN H. S.?

Sentence illustrating transitive use of verb "fly." "Aeroplanes are flied by aviators."

C. Huff—Isn't it cold?

Mother—Yes, and coal is so hard to get.

C. Huff—Yes, we are trying to keep warm now and this summer we will all be crazy with the heat.

CERTIFIED ACCOUNT OF BUSINESS MANAGER.

We have been led to publish this statement of our standing by the many hints of corruption, graft, rake-offs, etc., which have recently been circulated. Let figures speak for themselves:

RESOURCES.	
Advertising	\$2,000.00
Subscriptions	50.00
Clubs	400.00
School Board	1.03
Special Grafts	933.57
Hush Money (Faculty)	750.00
Donations, etc.01
String Pulling	600.00
LIABILITIES.	
Hospital Bill (Editor)	\$ 125.00
Office Furniture (Birdseye Maple)	1,400.00
Butler to announce visitors	75.00
Fatimas, Camels, etc.	43.16
Burglar-proof Safe	90.00
Maid for Art Editor	120.00
Private Detective for Business Manager	80.00
Advice from Editor of Life	200.00
Shampoos (male staff)	15.00
Tea for lady staff members	20.00
Candy, gum, etc.	49.00
Printing "Topic"	600.00
Valet for Athletic Editor	125.00
Theatre, soda fountain, etc.	85.00
Country Home for Overworked Editors	8,000.00
Incidentals	497.61

REMARKS OF A SENIOR.

Lois—Oh! look at the driftwood by that post under the bridge!

We always knew that Miss Craig was fond of the dictionary, but not until this term did we discover that some members of her English class are wearing dictionaries as pendants. Ask Clara Duitz.

In geography class:

Miss Luther—Name the zones.

Catlin—Safety zone!

Miss Luther—What is an important industry of Mexico?

Raymond Cole—Fishing.

Miss Luther—For what?

Raymond C.—Fish.

Rural Patron—I say, boy, you are mighty slow learnin' at school. Look at these D's on your card.

Boy (Guess)—Well, Pa, you see that's because school is so far away that I forget all I know while I'm goin' to school. It's not that I don't study at home.

Margaret Phipps says she found a mole in her yard, and to punish it as bad as she could, she buried it alive.

W. Gibson—Mr. Cohen, I would like to see a pair of shoes that will fit me.

Mr. Cohen, sighing—So would I.

Isn't it surprising how the teachers all love the study-room talkers!

Lester Leach—I fell last night and was unconscious for six hours.

Barringer Catlin—Where did you fall?

Lester L.—Asleep.

Miss Craig—Are you fond of indoor sports?

Ethel Menart—Yes, if they know when to go home.

Red Leeper—My head feels on fire.

Glen—I thought I smelled wood burning.

Miss Luther—Pardon me for stepping on your feet.
Walter Kenney—Oh, that's all right. I walk on them myself.

Paul Ogden—Does your mother object to kissing.
Now just because I allow you to kiss me is no sign you can kiss the whole family.

Miss Nahstoll—Hubert, bring me that chewing gum you are chewing.
Spookie—If you will wait until tomorrow I will bring you some that's never been chewed.

If Ed O'Neil don't quit chewing so much gum he will be all stuck up.

Allen Zimmer does not want anyone to know he has been going with Alma Beyl, so please don't tell any one.

"When Marona Hutt tells that guy goodbye she had better stand in the light; if she don't she aint going to have any lip left."
I will not tell who said this.

Max Glaser is inventing foot accelerators for hobby horses. We hope he has more success than his uncle who invented the airplane and forgot to flop his left wing.

Ken Applegate has a cuckoo clock on his Ford. Every time he goes more than twenty per it comes out and sings "Nearer My God to Thee."

Ethel Menart wins the concrete spats.
Eleanor Creel wins the fleece lined glasses.
Anna Jacobs wins a pair of galvanized false teeth.
Catherine Creamer wins the calico "graphophone."
Emma Jean Holmes wins a pair of rubber stilts.
Tubby Russell wins the tent (very useful).
Carrie Morris wins the greased pig.

BUT ! ! ! !

Look what Fay won! A GOB!

ISN'T HE WONDERFUL!

Paul can be skipping and floating in' o the room and jumping into the air exclaimed: "Oh, girls! Here I go up for snatch."

HOW "PNEUMATIC."

Romeo Bonifer—Juliet, Juliet, wilt thou flea with me?
Juliet—Oh, Romeo, I fairly itch to flea with thee.

Miss Abel—The higher the altitude attained the cooler the temperature becomes.
Bright Little Freshie—But isn't it warmer on top of the mountain than it is in the valley?

Miss Abel—Why certainly not; what made you think that?
Freshie—Well, I thought that perhaps the atmosphere was heated by the mountain ranges.

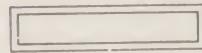
Freshie—I don't feel good today.
Soph—Where do you feel worse?
Freshie—In school.

Miss Luther—What is hemp?
Barringer C.—Ma'am?
Miss Luther—I want to know what hemp is.
Barringer C.—So do I.

Max had Morris Floyd over at the Seelbach one night last week. A waiter dressed in an evening suit approached him. Morris thinking it was Mr. Seelbach, shook hands with him.

Mr. Henry—How dare you swear before me, young man?
Dufficy Walker—How did I know you wanted to swear first.

Advertising Section



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